F O R U M

and Century

JUNE, 1936 VOL. XCV, NO. 6

A Good Word for Monogamy

Editorial Foreword

THE OTHER morning our little friend Alice, aged twelve, ran in breathless after breakfast to announce, "I have a new baby sister." Then she added soberly, "So that is the first of the new lot."

The new arrival begins the third brood of brothers and sisters in Alice's crowded life. And she is awaiting the coming of group four. When her father and mother obtained their divorce last year, Alice was the happy playmate of two brothers and one sister. Both her parents promptly remarried, and her new father introduced to the family circle another batch of children of his own. Meanwhile, it seems, her own father, as an aside in his vigorous life, hopes to procreate a fourth family to play with the other three.

Luckily for Alice, her own parents are still young and healthy. They follow the hounds and take stone walls at top speed. Her father is also blessed with a very clear brain which enables him to make a handsome profit in his business, even in hard times, and thus to provide comfortably for a large family in the intervals between his pursuit of sports and athletics. Thus the complexity of adjusting her life to several varieties of teasing brothers and jealous sisters is mitigated in the case of Alice. Where poverty and bad health are present, where some of the four parents are neurotic and some of the children sickly, the problem of social multiplication and division is often a very severe strain on the nervous system of a daughter of divorced parents.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

BUT EVEN healthy little Alice is finding the new line-up rather perplexing. The week-end visits to the new home of her own father keep her on the jump. In school her teachers complain that she spends too much time looking wistfully out of the window wondering about it all. She has yielded her athletic supremacy to another girl, who, incidentally, has only one set of brothers and sisters.

Our new American experiment in multiple marriage is hard on the boys as well as the girls. We had a friend at Harvard, the son of divorced parents, apparently a healthy and happy young man, who broke down at the end of his sophomore year and contracted a succession of unusual complaints. He was diagnosed by physicians unsuccessfully. Visits to psychoanalysts made him worse. At last it was decided that the strain of his parents' divorce had undermined him, so that, when suddenly they both remarried, the underpinning went out completely from his courage. He finally adopted the course of giving all his relatives a fairly wide berth and taking a hard job that required every ounce of concentration.

Shades of the Puritans take notice! At the present pace in America divorce may become an institution even more popular than marriage

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself. According to the latest statistics of the Marital Relations Institute of New York, a married couple in the United States has now only 65 chances in 100 of remaining married more than a year. Divorce, of course, does not occur in all the unhappy cases. The Institute finds that a divorce is granted every 3 minutes, while a marriage is performed every 30 seconds. More than 100,000 children are affected yearly through the divorce of their parents. Wives are granted 73.5 per cent of all divorces, and husbands are awarded the remaining 26.5 per cent. The peak in divorces was the unsettled economic year of 1929.

The cost of alimony is enormous, according to the Institute, not only for divorced husbands but for the public which has to house ex-husbands who are unwilling or — more often — unable to pay for the support of their ex-families. The total of annual dues in alimony is estimated at little short of $1,000,000,000. The average alimony award is $15 per week. In the past 10 years more than 1,800,000 American husbands have had alimony awards assessed against them. Another $2,000,000,000 is the amount estimated expended every year for lawyers, court costs, and the public machinery for ironing out marital difficulties.

In New York City alone, according to the Institute, it costs $4 per day to house and feed every alimony prisoner. The 5 county jails house an average of 125 alimony delinquents the year around, but this population constantly changes, as more than 6,000 motions to punish former husbands for failure to make payments of alimony are brought by wives yearly in the 5 county supreme courts. The salaries of the jail staffs cost the citizens $100,000 a year, while the sheriffs are paid another $100,000, the wardens $25,000; and food, laundry, light, and heat run up the total for maintaining derelict husbands into the millions. Thus our liberal modernization of the marriage system is not only a test of the individual conscience; it is also a steady tax on the innocent members of the community at large who still find it possible to worry along with the old-fashioned custom of monogamy.

But our current phase of free-for-all in-and-out-of-matrimony is no longer as popular with the young as it might seem to be from reading the divorce notices in the press. THE FORUM sent out a questionnaire recently to students in certain colleges for women that are sometimes characterized as "radical." The answers are astonishing. To the question, "Do you feel that marriage is still a woman's best career?" there was but one answer: "Yes." Equally unanimous was the affirmative answer to "If and when you marry do you expect the partnership to be for life?" To the question, "Do you believe that sexual freedom before marriage is desirable for a woman?" 80 per cent replied, "No," and 20 per cent made qualified reservations.

PUBLISH THE BANNS

OBVIOUSLY most of our divorces are due to marriages entered upon without any conception of the highest achievement of wedlock. The great majority of ill-advised marriages are celebrated in order to legitimatize a few months of unharassed exercise of sexual passion. In a minority of cases the ceremony is brought about by a designing woman seeking a masculine slave to support her as a breadwinner in wedlock or as a payer of alimony after divorce. There are, of course, a thousand other causes of transient marriage.

The highest achievement in marriage — Freud to the contrary — is not sex. The highest achievement in marriage — Hitler to the contrary — is not even the propagation of healthy children — desirable as they are for the home and for society. The highest achievement in marriage is the harmonious adjustment through the years of two personalities who, no matter what attraction they may have for one another or how many tastes in common they may share, are bound to differ in a hundred ways through the vicissitudes of age and changing fortunes.

Divorce is a necessary institution. If the marriage ceremony were hedged with the same deliberation that attends our courts of separation, the number of divorces would rapidly diminish. Health certificates should be required of the candidates in every State; as also a period of delay between the granting of a marriage license and the performance of the ceremony, similar to the publication of banns which prevent hasty marriage in many European countries.

Henry Goddard Leach

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Uneasy Ghost of Roger Williams

Insecurity Is Robbing Us Of Liberty

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

AMERICA, as Mr. Farley's stamp designers can testify, has reached the tercentenary stage. Last year it was Maryland who proclaimed her longevity; this year the nation is to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Providence Plantation. And as a climax to the festivities it has been arranged that, on a given day, the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is to meet the Governor of the State of Rhode Island and formally deliver to him a resolution adopted in 1936 by the General Court of Massachusetts repealing the sentence of banishment passed, in 1636, on the founder of Rhode Island. By what the papers call this "graceful act of reparation" the old Bay Colony which drove Roger Williams into the wilderness — and so to immortality! — has exercised its somewhat tardy sovereignty to lift the stigma of exile from the great independent and to tell him that, if he so desires, he can come home.

Most New Englanders, current evidence suggests, regard this gesture on the part of the Massachusetts legislature as one more of those episodes by which time is traditionally supposed to readjust the balances of history against the injustices of contemporary haste and passion. A Roger Williams may, it is admitted, be driven into the wilderness by one generation, but three hundred years later the sentence passed against him is officially reversed! Time brings its vindications!

One need not scoff at this interpretation to find one's mind assailed by doubts. To what degree has time actually reversed the sentence which the Bay Colony passed against its dissenting member three centuries ago? If Roger Williams were to rise from his grave today and accept this legislative invitation to return to the society which drove him out, would he be any more welcome than he was before? Or would he presently find himself facing the prospect of a new proscription?

History, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw insists, is the most ironic of disciplines. But even the irony of *Saint Joan* does not surpass that in the scene which would be created if Roger Williams, driven from Massachusetts in 1636 because of his refusal to admit the authority of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the civil power over conscience, should return today. For, in this very year in which his fame is being celebrated, Williams would discover members of the faculty of a Massachusetts college forced to resign their posts, an honor student of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology forced to forswear his degree, and the parents of children in the Massachusetts schools forced to undergo arrest and trial — all in the name of freedom of the individual conscience!

Roger Williams, in the most memorable of his declarations, wrote:

> I desire not that liberty for myself which I would not freely and impartially weigh out to all the consciences of the world besides; therefore I humbly conceive that it is the express and absolute duty of the civil powers to proclaim an absolute freedom of conscience in all the world.

Absolute freedom of conscience! How long could such a man stay out of trouble — yes, even out of jail — today?

In his biography of Williams, Ernst declares:

> Babbler as he was to his own time, his prophetic voice and the doctrines of the rights and liberties of man have since echoed round the world and revolutionized society.

The orators will undoubtedly maintain the same thing again and again during the current tercentenary celebrations. But is it true? Have the doctrines of Roger Williams revolutionized society? Or is it true, on the contrary, that the essential issue which Williams personified is as far from solution today as it was three centuries ago; that it is, in fact, a more pervasive and baffling issue in this world of the twentieth century than it ever was in the world of the seventeenth?

I think that beyond denial the latter is the case. So far as the rights of individual conscience are concerned, modern man is further from having charted and confirmed those rights than were our forefathers in those bitter days when they drove Roger Williams from Salem to wander for weeks amid the snowy wilderness of the Narragansett Bay region.

II

To those who remember the comparative tolerance of the closing decades of the nineteenth century and of the opening decade of the twentieth, there is no aspect of contemporary life more appalling than the general spread of coercion of individual dissent. The Victorian world, with its comfortable belief in the progress of an enlightenment which was bearing man inevitably to "that far-off, divine event toward which the whole creation moves," knew that there were exile camps in Siberia. But it titillated its own virtue by reading George Kennan's exposures of state despotism under the czar and then thanking God that such things had become impossible in "civilized" society. Russia was merely belated.

Today, however, the number of those in prison or concentration camp or suffering other forms of punishment and disability for refusing to conform to the dictates of the state is beyond calculation. In Russia, in Turkey, in Japan, in Italy, in Germany, in Brazil, in China — the globe around, the jails hold political prisoners. Last month thirty thousand such prisoners were released in Spain, presumably to make room for another thirty thousand of the party now out of power. Even in England, the England of Hyde Park Corner and Magna Carta, one finds a Quaker weekly printed with blank space in its columns lest the publication of traditional Quaker doctrine be held to transgress the recently enacted "disaffection of the forces" law. While in the United States the American Civil Liberties Union reports that twenty-six states now have some form of test oath for teachers, and organizations as powerful as the American Legion and the United States Chamber of Commerce have made the general adoption and tightening of such oaths an avowed part of their national program.

It has become a habit to blame the spread of this sort of thing on the War. Our English friends, aware that speech is by no means as free in their island as it was at the turn of the century, point to Dora — the wartime defense-of-the-realm act — as the mother of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their present repressions. In this country the various "loyalty" laws and the much more important public mood of impatience with dissenters are traced back to the national psychology created under the influence of the mass hysteria of the war days.

But it will not do to place all the blame on the War. This iron regimentation of the individual by his nation had been in the making for a long time before the War; it is being continued and intensified by forces other than those which the War let loose upon society.

To put the case in a nutshell, the freedom of the individual conscience is vanishing with the vanishing of the sense of individual security.

The individual has never, of course, been secure. But the Victorian period granted him an illusion of security, in response to which liberalism — a term derived from *liberty* — became his characteristic politics, and tolerance his philosophy. Today that illusion of security has vanished. The individual feels himself a puny and helpless speck of insignificance in the presence of implacable and impersonal forces which he cannot understand, let alone control. He lives in terror, and terror knows no tolerance.

This insecurity of modern man is both political and social. With the exception of Scandinavia, there seem to be no states left in which the inhabitants are not living in fear of invasion. Even in these United States, protected on one coast by three and on the other by five thousand miles of ocean, this sense of political insecurity has produced a terror which drives through Congress, despite its effect on taxes, the largest appropriations for military and naval purposes ever made by a modern nation in time of peace.

But this sense of political insecurity is not as important, in its effects, as the sense of social helplessness which has overwhelmed us. Charlie Chaplin puts his finger on the truth when he places that fluttering, ineffectual figure to which he has given stage immortality against a background of grinding gears and labels the resulting film *Modern Times*.

For a hundred years the power-driven machine has been reducing the self-confident craftsman to the assembly-line automaton. The independent artisans of the handicraft period first became "hands" and then numbers. The boss in the front office became a factory executive, run by orders from a distant corporation headquarters, which in turn was run by orders from a still more distant banking control. Neither the worker nor the executive had any guarantee against losing his job overnight. Unemployment, old age, sickness — as the power age developed, the fear of these traditional terrors also enlarged. Hans Fallada at last put the plight of the ordinary person in the contemporary world into an unforgettable title: *Little Man, What Now?*

It is to this puny figure, overwhelmed by political and social terror, that the state now comes with its offer, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I say this with no slightest touch of irreverence, for it is precisely the role once filled by religion, ministering to generations in terror of hell-fire, that the state now proposes to fill by ministering to a generation facing the damnations of this world. Beleaguered man, aware of nothing so vividly as his own insecurity, is offered security by the state. Or perhaps, in view of current political agitation, it is more accurate to say that he demands security of the state. Let the state do that which he no longer is competent to do — provide political protection, economic security, social content. This the state attempts to do . . . at a price.

Is the price too high?

The price is absolute obedience.

We see the issue framed most dramatically in contemporary Germany. The Germans, with that passion for logic, for reducing everything to syllogisms and philosophies, which has been their curse as much as their glory, have not been content to regard their regimentation of the individual as a passing phenomenon. Nazism is not willing to be regarded as a political method employed to meet a particular crisis; Hitler insists that National Socialism must be accepted as the perfect philosophy of government, to last a thousand years. The result is totalitarianism. To the German people, Hitler offers total security in return for total allegiance. If total protection is to be provided, it must be at the price of the state's total control.

This, it is necessary to understand, involves cultural quite as much as material security. The promise which National Socialism holds before the German individual is not only a promise that the iron defenses of the Rhine will be re-established, that unemployment will be ended, that old age will be safeguarded; it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equally a promise that individuals who have felt themselves cowed, abused, useless will be caught up into a great comradeship of crusaders in which their lives will take on new meaning and glory precisely to the extent to which they lose themselves in the service of the Fatherland. And the result, so far as those who hesitate or rebel is concerned, is the concentration camp and the drive against the pastors of the Confessional Synod.

III

But it is far more important that Americans should face this issue in terms of their own national situation than in terms of the German cult of totalitarianism. Here the astonishing fact is that so few seem to be aware that the highest law of the land has now been interpreted by our final tribunal to require absolute authority by the state over individual conscience. Not even Hitler has formulated a more sweeping philosophy of state authority than has the Supreme Court of the United States, yet most Americans are totally ignorant of the way in which our basic law now stands. If there is a totalitarian state existing today it is, so far as law is concerned, this republic. And such has been our status ever since the Supreme Court handed down its decision in the Macintosh case five years ago.

Even those Americans who have a vague knowledge of the Macintosh case habitually misunderstand it. They believe that it had something to do with pacifism; that the Supreme Court denied citizenship to Macintosh because he was unwilling to bear arms. Nothing could be more absurd. Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh, professor of theology at Yale University, served in both the Canadian and the American armies during the World War. He is not a pacifist. He has announced his readiness to bear arms in a future war. The only question involved in his petition for naturalization concerned his qualification that he would bear arms in any war *which his conscience held just*. That was the whole point at issue when the Supreme Court came to pass on Dr. Macintosh: Does the loyal American citizen have the right, in the court of his own conscience, to pass on the justice or injustice of a national policy decreed by vote of Congress?

The answer is best understood by studying it in the Court's own words:

> When he [Dr. Macintosh] speaks of putting his allegiance to the will of God above his allegiance to the government, it is evident . . . that he means to make his own interpretation of the will of God the decisive test. . . . We are a nation with the duty to survive; a nation whose constitution contemplates war as well as peace; whose government must go forward upon the assumption, and can safely proceed upon no other, that unqualified allegiance to the nation and submission and obedience to the laws of the land, as well those made for war as those made for peace, are not inconsistent with the will of God.

A minority composed of Chief Justice Hughes, Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis, and Justice Stone registered dissent. But that dissent, however distinguished, did not change the character of the decision. That decision stands today. As long as it stands it means that, under the Constitution, the loyal citizen of the United States must accept a vote of Congress as in accordance with the will of God! What becomes of the individual's rights of conscience in such a state?

It is probable that most of the readers of this article, after a brief period of incredulous dismay when confronted by the fact that such a Supreme Court decision has been rendered, will react vigorously against it. Well and good. But before condemnation of the Court becomes too sweeping, we all need to regard with sobriety the actual political problem which the justices who passed on the appeal of Dr. Macintosh faced. It is a problem inherent in any political system resting on majority rule. It arises out of the fact that, in terms of political philosophy, the alternative to such complete obedience under such a system is anarchy. From the standpoint of political logic, the Supreme Court has taken a position with regard to the duty which the citizen owes the state to obey its mandates which is hard to refute.

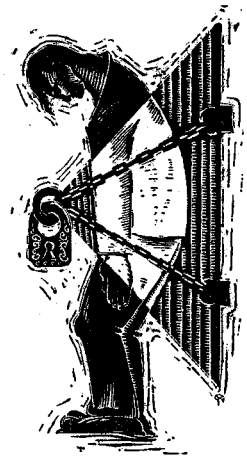
IV

Viewed in the light of the Macintosh decision, all the acts of State and local authorities in imposing loyalty tests become of minor moment. For, while this interpretation of the Federal Constitution remains in force, the authority of the state over conscience is asserted as a part of the foundation of our national existence. With what disquiet must the ghost of Roger Williams walk the halls of our national Valhalla! How clear it must be to him that, in this very year when we most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loudly profess to do him honor, we have most completely rejected the principle to which he gave his life!

There is, to be sure, a tradition among us that Roger Williams and Thomas Jefferson and a few like them fought through and won forever the battle for religious liberty and freedom of conscience on our soil. The truth is, however, that neither Williams nor Jefferson nor any of the other giants who helped to bring to pass the writing of the Bill of Rights ever faced the problem which we confront today. The religious liberty which our forefathers secured was liberty for the religious minority from the tyranny of religious majorities; the freedom of conscience which they won was freedom to worship outside the forms of an established or dominant church. But that is a long way from the issue which the individual conscience faces when the Supreme Court declares that patriotism involves acceptance of a vote of Congress as the speaking of the voice of God!



Moreover, it is not possible to dismiss such a development as this as merely an unfortunate interlude in our national life, soon to be left behind and forgotten. The Supreme Court uncovered the root of the trouble when it called attention to the primary responsibility which rests upon the modern state to survive. And as the pressure, both external and internal, grows, seemingly subjecting the future of the state to increasingly grave perils, it is certain that the pressure on individuals to conform, to render unhesitating obedience, will grow likewise. A state confident of its own impregnability might view with considerable tolerance the dissenter — that is to say, the subversive — within its ranks. But how many states have that confidence today?

The problem which this demand for complete submission to the will of the state places before religion needs no emphasizing. It is so familiar that I shall not discuss it here except to point out that it must by this time be clear that the formulas which religious leaders have traditionally proposed as solutions really have almost no relevance. There are, as everyone knows, two of these formulas, one used more by Catholics, the other by Protestants.

The first consists of the words attributed to Jesus: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

The second — now being quoted on every occasion by the protesting pastors of Germany — makes its appeal to the words which certain of the Apostles are reported to have used in defiance of authority: "We must obey God rather than man."

The trouble with both formulas is, obviously, that they involve the discovery of some authority to distinguish between what is Caesar's and what is God's or to tell when one is listening to God and when to man. The modern state is no longer willing to accept the Pope as competent to draw these lines of demarcation (that, for instance, is the whole trouble in Mexico, where the Pope says that education is God's and the state insists it is Caesar's), and the Supreme Court has shown its readiness to tell the loyal American citizen that when he hears the call of the *ayes* and *noes* in Congress he is listening to the voice of God.

Nevertheless, if these old formulas put forward by religion are no longer able to control this issue, it needs to be realized that the formula which the totalitarian state is evolving will prove equally deficient. For if history proves anything it is that the state must have within itself the corrective operation of the free conscience — the continuation of the function performed by the great prophets — if it is to have sufficient moral health to achieve the end acknowledged by the Supreme Court, namely, to survive. Even the despotic Chinese court of the Empire found it wise to maintain the office of the censors — those immune men of wisdom and incorruptibility who could, at any moment, go straight to the imperial presence with their warning and their advice.

Ernest Fremont Tittle has recently written:

> Religion divorced from civilization goes to seed; civilization divorced from religion goes to hell.

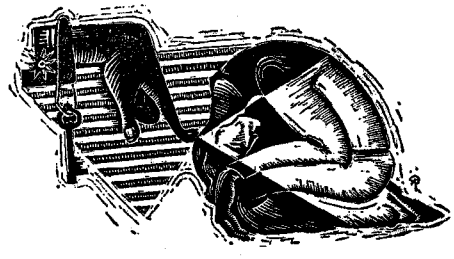
The state divorced from the stimulus of the expression of the free conscience goes to hell.

I do not pretend to be able to propose any other formula by which this problem of the freedom of conscience in the beleaguered mod-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern state can be solved. I doubt whether such a formula can be evolved, at least in any terms not open to drastic logical criticism. The ghost of Roger Williams, I fear, is doomed to eternal disquiet. The champion of individual conscience must always expect to pay a stiff price for his dissent; we are fairly sure to go right on stoning our contemporary prophets while we build three-hundredth-anniversary monuments to the prophets our fathers stoned.

However, the state's own moral vigor requires the presence, in every generation, of these men who, for the sake of ultimate goals, are ready to spurn the shortsighted judgments of their majority contemporaries. So that, while we should be quite as baffled as were our fathers in dealing with a Roger Williams, should he accept our belated invitation to return to the communities from which he was cast out, the instinct which recognizes in him one of the figures with lasting national significance is sound.



EFFICIENCY Comes to the Barnyard

And Cows Give Regimented Milk

***by* GUY G. STEVENS**

THE WORD came over the party-line phone. "Milk inspector is coming — New Yorker this time."

It started more action than the black-and-white skunk that attended the auction on the Salt Road.

Jim's wife called Ed's wife. "Look out! He's as fussy as an old hen."

Ed's wife sent Willy out to the potato field for his pa.

Ed quit cultivating in the middle of a row. The old mare on the hand cultivator would stand. She could be trusted anywhere — especially standing.

Ed ran. Willy ran. It was like Bunker Hill day in Boston. I mean like the first one, not the present anniversary with trains running at rock-bottom excursion rates.

The trouble is that a Central New York farmer never knows what a milk inspector is going to be fussy about. Just as some think the smell of skunk is healthy — and others don't. It's all just a matter of personal conviction.

Ed swept out the barn a second time. Then he mopped out the milkhouse. A fly would have slipped, lighting anywhere. He ran the kids' carts under the shed, dusted down a cob-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

web, and picked a twenty-penny spike out of the driveway so it wouldn't puncture the inspector's tire.

But Ed was cutting wood when the city man drove in. He pretended he didn't hear. Things were up in such slick shape that he gave the inspector a few minutes to look around for himself.

The man spent twenty minutes in the stable, then moved on to the milkhouse.

Ed then became aware of a stranger. "Was there something you wanted?" he asked in a conciliatory tone.

"Don't know yet."

The fellow picked a milking pail off the rack. Ed breathed easier. Hannah had taken particular pains with those pails and Hannah is a housekeeper. What I mean is — her cakes always sell first at a church food sale. Her opinion ranks, in her line — housekeeping — right along with Emily Post and Daniel Webster in theirs.

This pail was a seamless with a rolled edge. The inspector could see his mustache in it. That's the way it shone.

But what did that fellow do, while Ed watched?

I'll be darned if he didn't take a toothpick from his pocket and run it around on the outside, under the rolled lip. Pretty soon he found a pinhole. He probed around until his toothpick showed rust.

"There," he showed the toothpick to Ed, accusingly, "Look at that."

"Yes, sir," said Ed. "I see it. I paid the milk company a dollar forty for that pail. At that price, I should judge the hole is where the diamond fell out."

"That's a place for contamination," said the inspector. "Get a new pail."

Ed's red hair wasn't put on Ed's head for looks. Red hair has a purpose. So has a stop light.

"Mister," said Ed, "boys raised in this part of the world that don't know that milk is put on the inside of the pail — we don't even bother to raise."

This wisecrack cost Ed four days' milk, or twenty-five dollars. But Ed thought it was worth it.

He'd had his say, and the inspector had had his way, and the result was nobody was satisfied.

The Good Old Days

It hasn't always been like this.

Aunt Martha reminds me of that, frequently.

"When I was married, I could drop four cents in my agate pail and set it right there on the lilac bush, side of my front steps. Fred Green would come along and dip me out a quart, and he always give me good measure, too."

"Good full quart, eh?"

"Yes, he did. Sometimes it was a quart and a cup. But never under. Not Fred."

"Did you ever wash the pennies before you put them in the pail?"

"Land sakes, no."

"Fred drove a horse, didn't he?"

"What do you think he drove? This was in 'eighty-nine."

"And did he wash his hands when he dropped the reins to fish out the pennies and dip you the milk?"

"No, of course not. He was a real clean man, though." She gave me a pitying smile. "It's folks like you, with all this inspection stuff, that boost the price of food until it's a wonder that folks can live at all. I think this testing and inspecting is all so much falderal. It gives jobs to a lot of folks in Albany." She scowled at me. "And other places, too."

"What was your oldest boy's name?"

"Harry. The one who died?"

"Yes."

"Harry McMasters Smith. He was eight months and eleven days old, when he was took away."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, old Doc and us, we laid it onto that spell of weather. It was so hot that everybody was pretty well tuckered out. A sight of folks died, most of them children. The little white hearse was in constant use all up and down the valley, that summer. Oh, well. As I was saying, Harry was took with cholera infantum, and our little girl, she was six, got scrofula, all the same summer."

"You never laid any of that trouble to the milk did you?"

"Not to Fred Green's milk."

"Have you noticed that kids don't die of cholera infantum any more?"

She tightened her lips. Aunt Martha doesn't like to be put in the wrong. "We don't have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hot summers we used to have," she stated.

Aunt Martha pays twelve cents a quart for her bottled milk, these days. And twelve cents a day, multiplied by three hundred sixty-five, is a little over forty dollars a year. That's what her safe-milk insurance costs her.

As a boy, I lived on a farm a mile down from the village where I am now a veterinarian.

Every night and morning, it was my chore to milk my share of the dairy cows. Later I was employed by a local milk station, where one hundred fifty patrons delivered milk.

I began practice just about the time that cleanliness of milk production was beginning to be emphasized.

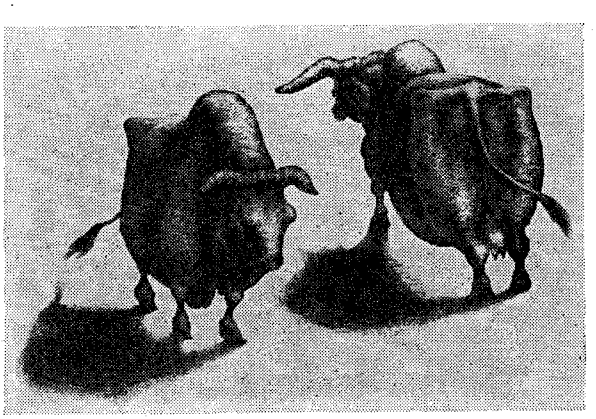
In the good old days milk was anything that would pass through a cheesecloth strainer. It was worth just about four cents a quart delivered from the can — maybe less.

The Milk Station

This particular section of New York State is a cow's paradise. The gently sloping hills, too steep for cultivation, are ideal pastures. Great spreading trees offer shelter from the sun in summer and the cold winds in spring and fall. More trees edge the shallow ravines, which are carpeted with fragrant white clover.

Cool spring waters gurgle gently from many a hillside. Rivulets sparkle their way down the slopes to join Otter, Salmon, or Fall Creek and accompany it to the beautiful Finger Lakes — Owasco and Cayuga, both in our neighborhood.

The valleys are literally a "land flowing with milk and honey" — more milk than honey, however. Fertile fields produce succulent corn to fill the silos which are attached to every dairyman's barn. Hay and grain for the long winter months are gathered from meadows of waving green timothy which make checkerboard patterns with fields of wheat and buckwheat, oats and barley.



Sad to say, the majority of the farm buildings compared unfavorably with the natural conditions. Barns had rotten wood floors. Piles of manure leaned against their sides. Windows were coated with the dust of years and served for neither light nor air. Horses, chickens, and cows shared the same apartments. Barnyards were an unspeakable slough in the spring. Wells and privies were often in dangerous proximity.

Aside from watering troughs, with their festoons of green moss; an open well; a nearby stream, varying in temperature and depth with the season; a grassy hollow, beneath a convenient apple tree — whose coolness was likewise appreciated by the leghorns which roosted low and the turkeys which roosted high — there were few milk-cooling systems on the local farms.

When I began to take more than a passing interest in milk and its market, there were seven stations within a radius of ten miles of Groton. Each station was independently owned. They were each one located in a tiny center, which nestled in some nearby valley. The station, or creamery, as it was called, was a drab wooden building, set alongside the road to be convenient for the patrons. The insides of the buildings were ceiled and varnished. Flyspecks accumulated, but their removal depended upon the housekeeping instincts of the individual bosses. The floors were wooden and made good nesting places for barnyard dirt and germs brought in on the farmers' boots.

At the stations, a lost-and-found department might well have been established, and, had it been visited by the patrons, should have solved many domestic riddles. We knew what became of Nancy's tin cup and why Trissy's kitten ceased to appear for morning rations. Creamery employees ceased to be surprised at anything. One fellow, upon lifting the cover of a milk can, was greeted by the raised head of a live water snake. I personally can furnish an affidavit that the snake was real and over two feet long and, as I have said, very much alive. (This particular can of milk had been lowered into an open well the preceding night.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uniforms for the workers there were none — unless a pair of overalls tucked into rubber boots could be dignified by such a name. These, however, were worn to spare not the milk but the owners.

Each morning a long line of assorted teams drew up on the road outside the station. Social and financial status was easily verified by the vehicles. They ranged from a decrepit topless buggy, with its one can, to a substantial lumber wagon, with ten cans. Rights of priority were strictly observed, and it was considered extremely poor manners to muscle in ahead. At one creamery, at least, it was considered dangerous. This was after a vituperative old maid vigorously played her horsewhip about the shoulders of a certain leading citizen who was in too big a hurry. She accompanied each lash with a fitting expletive, to the great amusement of the bystanders and the extreme discomfiture of her victim.

Regimentation Begins

Milk was either made into butter or sent to the city. That sent away was strained into cans and set into tanks with floating chunks of ice. When the milk reached forty degrees, or thereabouts, it was loaded into a wagon and hauled to the nearest railroad station. Here it was sent in refrigerator cars on its way to the city, to be sold to the customer twenty-four to thirty-two hours after being milked. The only sure way to keep it was to use it at once or scald it and cool it. Cooks didn't call it pasteurization, but that was a crude attempt to attain the same end.

When that process first began to be used, a class was given this question: "What is pasteurized milk?" and the instructor received this answer, "Pasteurized milk is milk from cows out at pasture."

Butterfat? What did that have to do with milk? Milk sold by the pound, by Judas! If a minnow or a crab now and then slipped from a can, the conclusion was that all the contents of the can had not been strained — and the less said the better.

Inspection meant nothing but a word the kids might miss at a spell down at a church social. Every farmer's barn was his castle.

There were farmers scrupulously neat about their barns, whose barnyards were filled with enough gravel to keep them from becoming a mire in the spring, who used driven wells, and who would not tolerate sickly or disabled cows. But these were in the pitiful minority. After all, what did it matter? All the milk went into one vat and retailed for six cents a quart.

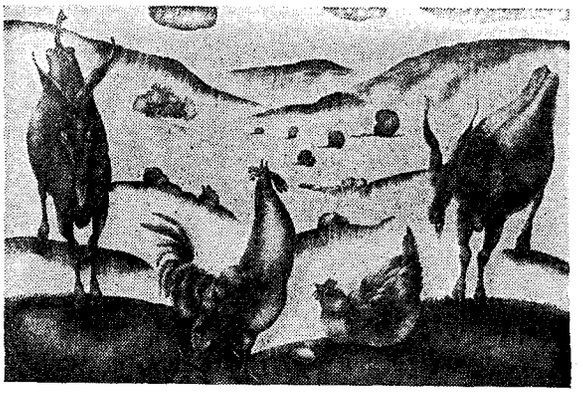
Veterinarians had been hired to do a desultory sort of physical inspection. If a cow was emaciated, she probably had tuberculosis, and the owner was advised to get rid of her. If she gave stringy milk and was what is known as a "two teater" or a "three teater," again the owner was asked to dispose of her. But, due to the absolute lack of authority to enforce the permanent disposal of diseased cattle, many an imperfect cow had a swell chance to see the country. From year to year she passed from one neighbor to another, becoming every year more decrepit, until she passed over the Great Divide, to hamburger sandwiches.

Epidemics, which heretofore had been attributed to anything from a manifestation of God's displeasure to bad luck, began to be traced to contaminated milk. Septic sore throat, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhoid fever were laid squarely to this cause.

Veterinarians received authority to be more insistent upon the disposal of suspicious animals. The milk stations began to co-operate. Much of the credit for this is due to the New York City Board of Health.

Doctors, particularly those in the country districts, recognized that milk was an ideal medium for the growth of bacteria. This was because of its moisture, ideal food value, and sugar content. They became adept at diagnosing children's stomach and intestinal disorders.

One man brought his family from the city to spend the summer with his parents who lived



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on a farm. There was a young son in the yearling stage and when, in the latter part of the summer, he became ill, there was consternation.

Several specialists were called in, and advised in turn this and that remedy, but the boy continued to eat ravenously and then double up with pain. At last Grandmother suggested that the local doctor be called.

"What! That tobacco-chewing pettifogger?" inquired her daughter-in-law loftily.

"At any rate, he ushered my six into the world safe and sound," replied Mother tartly and dropped the subject.

After a private conference with her husband, the daughter at last consented reluctantly to call the old family physician.

The doctor meanwhile had been appraised of conditions by the local grapevine. Upon his arrival he passed the house and made his way directly to the cow stable, where he located the hired man. "Joe, what milk they feeding the baby?"

"We've been saving the milk from that big Holstein." The doctor peered into the manger.

"Quit feeding sowed corn, and the baby'll come all right."

"Don't you want to go to the house and see the baby?" Joe inquired.

"No, I'm in a hurry. Tell them they owe me two dollars."

City Boys on the Farm

New York City men were sent to inspect the premises and equipment of the dairymen. Some of these men were more accustomed to factory smoke than to the effluvia of the stable.

One man, on completing his inspection, walked over to a pile of sawdust, which was used to bed the animals. Regarding it with a critical eye and casually running it through his fingers, he said, "Seems to me this bran you're feeding your animals is pretty coarse."

The dairymen felt, with some justification, that the New York City men did not understand or sympathize with their problems. They resented this supervision, and the result was continual friction. The dairy companies decided that it would be more advantageous all around to hire men more accustomed to local conditions, to act as buffers between the dairymen and the New York inspectors.

The services of these local inspectors were invaluable in educating the farmer and helping him to adjust his dairy problems. They had to employ infinite tact. The dairymen, met on their own stamping ground, were about as cordial as a grizzly defending her cubs. Of course, once in a while, some inspector became intoxicated with his importance and overstepped his authority.

One farmer complained bitterly. "I don't mind a general inspection, but there was an inspector here the other day. After he had made the rounds of the well, barns, and milk-house, he decided to inspect the privy. He neglected to knock and in he walked — and I'll say with disastrous results."

And so the war on germs and dirt continued. If, sometimes, the inspectors seemed overzealous in their search for lurking germs, they have been justified by the results. Ask any mother today if her children have had cholera infantum or scrofula, and she will look at you in blank amazement. She doesn't know what those two diseases are.

Tuberculosis of glands and bone has ceased to be common, and the death toll from that disease, traceable to milk, has been practically eliminated. But the victorious fight against tuberculosis is another story.

Inspection of udders is so strict that a "two teater" or "three teater" no longer travels any road but that to complete oblivion. No longer do strings of milk drool from inflamed udders. Each quarter of an udder is as separate as the taps in a soda fountain. Therefore, each quarter must be examined separately. Milk is drawn from each in turn into a cup with a fine metal strainer. The farmers insist, quite good-naturedly, that I am "collecting samples" for my cats. If any clots are present in the milk, they are plainly seen on the screen. When discovered, a few drops of thybromol are added to the sample of milk. If, then, a certain green color ensues, look out for trouble! Not a drop of this contaminated milk must be spilled upon the floor, for it contains a seething, teeming mass of bacteria which are quickly transmitted to the other cows through a bit of dust. Septic sore throat is one of the results of this udder disease.

The seven creameries of my youth have either failed or sold out to the big milk corporations. Three new creameries have taken their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places. These are located by the railroad. There is some contrast between the buildings of the present and those others. The present creameries are large, substantial wooden buildings, freshly painted. The receiving platform and floors are of concrete. The interior is painted white and is scrupulously cleaned every day. There are adequate windows, clean and properly screened.

No dairyman is allowed to enter. All necessary communications are posted on a bulletin outside the door.

The workers have uniforms of white and wear white rubber boots. These uniforms are clean every day. No creamery head knows at what hour he may be visited by any one of several inspectors. Those from the distributing centers arrive about once in three weeks, and at frequent but irregular intervals the inspectors from his own creamery company drop in on him.

When the milk cans are being steamed the noise is indescribable. Steam hisses and sputters. Cans clank and clatter. Men shout, and underneath it all is the steady beat and throb of the engines.

It was Saturday. "Hurry up there! Get a wiggle on! Don't be so damned fussy. I've got five bucks on the ball game."

"Say, Bo, that can didn't go through."

"Aw, what's one can? Let 'er ride!"

This might have been all right if an inspector hadn't been standing on the bridge above, observing them. He telegraphed New York, and there was no milk accepted from that station for two days.

The milk is stored in an enormous glass-lined tank in the local station until the morning train arrives. Then it is piped into tanks, which are placed in either end of milk cars. These tanks hold three thousand gallons apiece. They are refrigerated, and the milk is agitated to prevent the cream from rising to the top and turning to butter. The pasteurization and bottling are done upon arrival in the big metropolitan distributing centers.

More Safeguards

The local milkman was the last to receive official attention. For years it continued to be a man's own business if he wanted to sell milk to his neighbors, but now the distribution in even the small towns is closely supervised by the State health authorities. Every distributor, no matter how small, must have a license.

He has a choice of two courses in a town with a population over a thousand. He may purchase a pasteurizer. This consists of a glass-lined tank surrounded with steam. When the milk has been heated to a temperature of a hundred forty-two or forty-five degrees, it is cooled by passing through coils of pipes surrounded by ice water. Automatic bottling machines are installed. Even the bottle-washing machine must be relegated to a separate room. Not the least bit of dirt or the slightest lurking place for germs is overlooked by the sharp-eyed inspectors who visit each milkhouse unannounced and often.

The other course open to these distributors is to have each cow's blood tested for abortion. This is to eliminate the possibility of causing undulent fever in man. It presents an even greater problem than tuberculosis eradication. Of course, every herd is tuberculin tested.

Believe me, it's been a big problem to get a pure and adequate milk supply from the herds of "contented" farmers! But, in spite of the opposition of many of the dairymen and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lack of tact and experience of the early inspectors, enormous strides have been made in making the stables, coolers, and yards sanitary. The cow stables are removed beyond the odor of the horses and the squealing of the pigs and the cackling of the hens. All wooden floors of the stables have been changed to concrete. There must be proper ventilation either by windows and doors or built-in ventilators. All manure piles are removed from the adjacent yards daily. And, furthermore, the complete interior of every cow barn is whitewashed annually.

Each farm is equipped with an isolated milkhouse. These milkhouses are properly screened and ventilated. The cooling system consists of a concrete vat sunk into the floor of the milkhouse, over which there is a tight-fitting cover. This eliminates Nancy's tin cup and Trissy's kitten. The water is cooled by ice in summer, for every can which has a temperature above sixty degrees when it reaches the station is straightway shot back to the owner. In winter the cans wear their flannels in the guise of heavy blankets to keep the milk from freezing. No frozen milk would be accepted at the creamery.

The cows are brushed, and their udders rinsed off before milking. Some farmers show ingenuity by fastening the long, switching tails by a clothespin to a wire line strung down from the ceiling for this purpose.

Any family quarantined with an infectious disease cannot sell milk to the station as long as the quarantine is in effect. In short, everything humanly possible is done to make milk safe for babies; and, when all things are taken into consideration, I, for one, think twelve cents a quart very reasonable.

Quite recently, as I was tuberculin testing a herd, I chanced to overhear this conversation between the two small sons of the owner, which convinced me that dairymen and cows have just about reached the limit of up-to-dateness.

Said the younger — a little fellow of eight — to his older brother of twelve, who was laboriously milking: "Why don't you let me try to milk?"

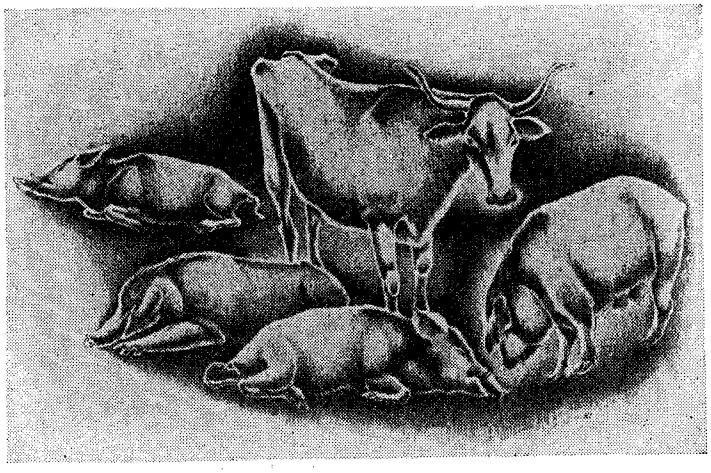
"Naw, you can't milk."

"Well, I don't see why I can't milk. Why can't I milk?"

"You dassen't, that's why," replied his brother.

"But I don't see why I dassen't. I want to know why."

"Because you ain't got no license, that's why," responded the big man crushingly.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Shall I Vote?

A Debate

I—Roosevelt and I

***by* LEONORA H. PARSONS**

THINGS HAVE come to such a pass that I, reaching the age of twenty-one just in time, will cast my vote for Roosevelt in November from purely personal reasons and not from such benign motive as the welfare of all the nation.

I had better state right in the beginning, for the sake of Republican readers, that I like Roosevelt. I am too young to be violently affected by the horrors of higher taxes, rising prices, and rising wages or to feel myself crushed by the relentless pressure of the national debt — so let all businessmen with their machine-gun statistics retire from the field. All that I claim for Roosevelt is that he revived the country from a paralysis which had frozen Republicans and Democrats, capitalists and revolutionaries alike. He has with courage run up a huge bill trying to provide what he thought the country needed. There was no grumbling from the patients while they were being cured, but when the bill came they forgot how sick they had been. I like Roosevelt because he has restored a vigorous, exuberant health to the United States, and vociferous complaints are only more proof of this recovery. There is no patient as disagreeable as the convalescent. Aside from my purely general stand on the President's achievements, I like him from my newsreel and radio acquaintance with him. For this sincere but unprofessional attitude toward Roosevelt, I have temporarily lost friends, incurred the antagonism of many acquaintances, and lost the privilege of discussing the headlines with one of my most intimate friends.

During the summer of 1934 I was in Europe and so escaped the start of the anti-Roosevelt mania in my own country. Little did I know that an Englishman would be the first of a long line of people to tell me how wrong I was to believe in Franklin D. Roosevelt. Perhaps I have been as stubborn as I have because it was a foreigner who first tried to set me right. Had I known in July, 1934, that a year later England's chief executive would be making a public apology to his country for his own stupidity and that of his foreign minister, I should not have let my English friend off so easily.

The winter of 1934 and the spring of 1935 were difficult times for Roosevelt supporters like myself. The criticisms of Administration policies were far easier to bear than the new ways which the healthy United States found of expressing its dislike of the President. All the jokes began with, "When we saw Mrs. Roosevelt in her kitchen today. . .", or, "F.D.R. went out in a rowboat, and what do you suppose? . . ." Some of them were funny, and I laughed. Some were dirty, and I did not laugh.

I agree with the people who think that the President and his family have a most remarkable capacity for being photographed. Only, we can be thankful that, if Roosevelt has any pictures of himself as Big Chief Smoking Bull or as Cowboy Frank, he has pasted them firmly in the back pages of the Roosevelt family album. He probably remembers the photographs of his two predecessors in sombrero and feathered headdress. We may know the domestic life of the Roosevelts through and through, but that is not the subject of all the photographs. Not many Presidents have been caught by the camera or by history trying to make the vast governmental machinery accomplish so many things or enter so many fields as Roosevelt. Not many Presidents have lived in a time when science has so progressed that it is able to bring the executive into every home, so that he assumes the aspect of a family friend. I hear rumblings from every side — "He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does it to get votes." Maybe he does, but something else is accomplished in the process. I am tired of having photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt's smile held up before me, and I should like to see the faces of the people who so proudly display these pictures plastered, themselves, all over the rotogravure section of their own newspapers, and then count the votes for amiability and grace.

Up to December, 1935, my pro-Roosevelt feelings had caused me only the loss of the intimacy of an old friend. But at that time I came to New York for two weeks. I discovered to my horror that when I ventured away from the shelter of my home, at dinner, at tea, if the subject of Roosevelt came up, I was taken into a corner and unmercifully grilled. Statistics were shoved down my throat. I was told that my children would be so laden with debt that they would be forced to live in tenement houses and to forego the pleasures of the middle class. (I always thought that the most devastating answer would be that I would not have any children but I never dared to make it.) I was pursued by people telling me how foolish I was, people saying, "You actually like the man? . . . Why, look here! . . . ad infinitum.

The climax came on New Year's Eve, of all times. Eight of us had just rung the old year out and the new in. Suddenly the finger of a rather intellectual member of our party pointed directly at me, and the young man said: "Are YOU for Roosevelt?" So, I was to start 1936 this way, I thought, and I saw an imaginary line of very earnest, very angry young businessmen pointing at me and saying, "Now, look here, young woman, the total deficit. . . ." The momentary vision of that awful prospect cleared my head, and I answered, "Yes". In an instant, the table was a study in mental activity. We all leaned forward, chins in our plates, listening to the young man upbraid me with figures, terrify me with stories of corruption, awe me with statements on debts, with all those items my readers are familiar with. I answered the young man by remarking that he might not be sitting in this luxurious night club, for neither he nor the club might have survived the last three years, had it not been for Roosevelt.

A few days later I attended a Foreign Policy Association luncheon. I was the only young person at the table. Four of the eight older people spent the hour before the speeches began in telling poor Roosevelt jokes. The incident seemed so undignified and childish, on the part of supposedly intellectual and broad-minded people, that I was enraged. It cannot be wholly prudishness that prompts my anger at such things. I am heartily sick of the anguished screams of those whose replenished pockets are now being called upon to help others who did not come through the depression quite so well.

II

If I am to be assassinated in the near future by one or more of my anti-Roosevelt friends, I should like to say a few words before my death. First of all, if I understood all the statistics I have heard in the last three months, I might possibly be an anti-Rooseveltite — but only if I chose to overlook any good thing Roosevelt may have done. But my pro-Roosevelt feelings have been intensified because I have added to them the sympathy I feel for a competitor in a race who tries hard but is unpopular (that is, among my friends).

I cannot find anyone who feels that banks are not a necessity. Nor can I find anyone but Roosevelt and his administration to thank for the present stable condition of the banks of the United States.

During the past three years the farmer has been paid for the crops he did not grow. Roosevelt is criticized for recognizing the economic fact that prosperity exists only when the productive source is controlled to fit the demand for its product. The payment farmers had received during the depression for their products was insufficient for them to live on. Why should it seem more sinister to anybody to pay for the destruction of crops, so that the farmers may live, than to pay monthly sums to workers with idle hands, till industry can reabsorb them? So far, no practical method has been discovered for transporting that surplus grain to the industrial unemployed. Not even the federal government could pay that bill. Nevertheless, farm prosperity has begun to trickle back.

Last year, I saw the beginnings of another of Roosevelt's experiments — the Tennessee Valley project. Outside of the fact that it is an experiment in government ownership of public

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

utilities and subject, even still, to constitutional pitfalls, it has in addition many aspects which make it an impressive attempt at social progress. If the plans for the Tennessee Valley communities in reforestation, inexpensive electric power, progressive education, and better housing give an indication of the social legislation which future presidents will find it worth while to pursue, then my vote goes to the man who started the ball rolling.

And, if one can grant that the President has done anything, he has certainly stirred the minds of rich and poor alike into some kind of interest in government, whether this new alertness be enthusiastic or suspicious with respect to his own policies. Should he go down in the coming battle, his successor will have to answer the commands of a far more intelligent and articulate electorate.

President Roosevelt will never know, and if he did he might not appreciate, the trials I have undergone for him. Whether he is or is not re-elected in November, no one will wish to argue with me because everyone will be too busy rejoicing or bemoaning his own fate. I look forward to 1936, because it may bring with it a return of my popularity. No longer will I be an easy target for the bright young men at every dinner party. I shall be able to read the *New York Herald Tribune* with enjoyment. And so, my friends, because I planned it that way, I will vote for Roosevelt in November.

II—A Socialist Turns Republican

by FRANCES B. SMITH

A RADIO personality, a confident smile for news photographers, an open mind to modern experiments in statesmanship are admirable qualities in a president but not the most essential. Roosevelt has been smiling for us and reassuring us in pleasantly worded generalities for three and one half years; he has taken the suggestions of political theorists and launched bold public-works projects, at enormous cost, which must be paid in heavy taxes on the very people he is supposed to be helping.

It is all very well to help the unemployed by creating work for them, but such relief measures, because of their expense, must necessarily be temporary, whereas return to normal conditions of employment depends basicly on the healthy condition of business. In Roosevelt's zeal for temporary relief of the neediest groups of the country, he has failed to do anything for the health of business, on which the prosperity of the nation as a whole rests. How is it possible to stimulate business and at the same time paralyze it with taxes and uncertainty? It seems to me there is a paradox here as baffling as the problem of lifting oneself up by one's boot-jacks. Roosevelt's administration has been bold and inventive in many ways, but I think it has failed in the primary job of bringing the country out of the depression.

I feel almost apologetic, as a college student who should be inspired by my environment to a hopeful idealism and reforming spirit, about holding such a conservative view. Educators generally divide college students into two groups: the majority, which is happily unconcerned and ignorant about politics and public questions, and the small minority of radicals which insists on making itself heard.

Unfortunately I find myself among the unnoticed conservatives who are deprived both of the peace of mind enjoyed by those who frankly admit they have no political views and of the strong conviction of the Roosevelt supporters and the still more radical rooters. It is hard to feel any great conviction for a negative cause, such as the Republican. Yet I am not for Roosevelt, nor do I think the United States ready for socialism, communism, or fascism.

When I came to college I was a socialist and was overjoyed to find plenty of enthusiasts to argue with. I was convinced that any political organization which worked constructively toward relieving the financial crisis, outlawing war, freeing politics from graft, and distributing the wealth of the country more evenly deserved the active support of every person

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who pretended to be intelligent. Franklin D. Roosevelt seemed to be carrying out those very ideals, and for a while I was his ardent supporter. Several formerly successful businessmen whom I knew complained continually that Roosevelt was ruining the country by not considering the interests of the big industries which had made the United States the richest country in the world before the depression. Privately, I took the greatest delight in the idea that their surplus income was being spent on the unemployed and on farm-relief programs. I revolted at their demand for the privilege of living on a far larger income than the majority of people in the United States and I still thought that Roosevelt's program was for the good of the country as a whole.

II

THEN I WENT to my home in Utah and was able to see what effect Roosevelt's relief projects were having in a small western farming community. All during the depression, as well as before it, the citizens of our county had been able to support themselves by farming and by sheep and cattle raising, earning ready cash when they needed it by doing work on the State and county roads and irrigation canals, sending cream to the community dairy, and working on the larger farms and ranches in the busy seasons. The county budget was always balanced, and, although no one was making large profits at farming and most of the large landowners were badly in debt, no one was starving or out of work.

Then the farmers in the county heard about relief work and free corn to be had from the government for the asking. The general opinion was that, if anyone was going to profit by the generosity at Washington, they might as well be the ones. So shipments of corn were accepted by people who did not need it, and relief work was distributed right and left. In haying time my father was unable to get enough men to work for him because they could earn as much from the government working three days a week as my father could afford to pay them working six. Worst of all was the injustice to the men who kept their old jobs instead of applying for relief work. At about this time also, government agents, sent around the country to limit the planting of wheat and alfalfa, came to our community, and their ignorance of our problems antagonized the farmers greatly. Such stories of mismanagement are so common now that I mention these only to show how I, personally, began to lose faith in Roosevelt's program.

When I came back to college last fall I was disillusioned about Roosevelt's farm projects, but I still had hopes for his broad-minded attitude toward foreign affairs. He seemed to be working toward world peace in the neutrality investigations; and the new legislation promised, for a while, more enlightened co-operation with the countries of Europe in maintaining peace than we had ever had before. However, it was Roosevelt himself who backed down at the last minute and submitted such a mild amendment to the existing neutrality law as to make it almost useless.

I do not claim that Roosevelt has not been ambitious in trying to bring back a more healthy state in the country. But I think his efforts have largely been misguided. There is still the glaring problem of who is going to pay the huge national debt being piled up daily. When relief work is stopped, as it must be soon, because the credit of the government cannot remain good indefinitely with no means proposed for paying its debts, what will happen to the millions who have become dependent on this bounty? Has the government really done anything toward putting business on its feet again? I do not think so. And there is still the ridiculous contradiction between destroying grain and limiting planting in some parts of the country while the unemployed elsewhere are still in want. Why could not some of the money, now being spent on public-works projects, be better used in paying a low price and transporting the surplus food from the grower to the people who need it most?

Socialists claim that Roosevelt is headed in the right direction but has neither the power nor the nerve to go far enough to be effective. Republicans claim that business will take care of itself as it always has before, as soon as the government stops tampering with it. At least both parties agree that Roosevelt has been unsuccessful. No one is sure what will resolve the situation, but I am ready to try something different. Competitive ideals are still too much a part of our lives for practical socialism; Roosevelt has failed; so I am ready to cast my first vote with the G.O.P.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ENGLISH Think in Chinese

An Oriental Examines the British Mind

by **LIN YUTANG**

ONE IS OFTEN tempted nowadays to reflect on the white man, because the spectacle of present-day Europe is extremely thought-provoking. Everyone knows that Europe is in a mess. All nations today seem to be in a frightful fit of bad temper. Germany is angry, France is nervous, Russia is casting suspicious glances to her right and left, Italy is perpetually stretching out a fist to hit somebody, and England is worried.

We cannot help asking why it is so, because where human events are in a mess, the human beings must be at fault. We are forced to ask ourselves, "What are the psychological limitations of the European which make peace so difficult in Europe?" What are the peculiarities of the European's mental make-up? And, by mental make-up, I do not mean intelligence or thinking pure and simple but all the psychological reactions to things.

I should never for a moment question the intelligence of the European race. But the sad part of it is that, after all, intelligence has very little to do with the course of human events, which are mostly dictated by our animal passions. Human history is not the product of the wise direction of human reason, but is shaped by the forces of emotion — our dreams, our pride, our greed, our fears, and our desire for revenge. Europe is still dominated not by intelligence but by the animal passions of fear and revenge. Progress in Europe is the result not of the white man's thinking but of his lack of thinking. If there were a single supreme Human Intelligence today put at the head of Europe and guiding her entire destiny, Europe would not be what she is. Modern Europe is being ruled not by a single supreme Human Intelligence but by three men with big and powerful jaws — Signor Mussolini, Adolf Hitler, and Josef Stalin.

This is not a mere accident. Some faces are like triangles, with the broad base situated below (the dictators and men of action), and some faces are like inverted triangles (the men of intelligence and thinkers, Bertrand Russell, for example). The men of intelligence and the men of action belong to two entirely different types. The German nation could swear allegiance to "God and Hitler," but, if an English Nazi party were to swear allegiance to "God and Bertrand Russell," Bertrand Russell would die of shame. So long as Europe is ruled by these men with big and powerful jaws and so long as she is willing to be ruled by men with big and powerful jaws, Europe must continue along her present lines of development and head for the abyss she is heading for today.

Every nation dreams and acts more or less completely on her dreams. Human history is the result of the conflict of our ideals and realities, and the adjustment between ideals and reality determines the peculiar development of that nation. The U.S.S.R. is the result of the Russian capacity for dreaming; the French Republic is the result of the French passion for abstract ideas; the British Empire is the result of the wonderfully robust common sense of the English and their utter freedom from logical reasoning; and the German fascist regime is the result of the German love for a common front and mass action.

THE RIGHT THING FOR THE WRONG REASON

I WRITE OF the English character because I think I understand England better than these other countries. I feel that the spirit of the English people is more akin to the spirit of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Chinese people, for both nations are worshipers of realism and common sense. There are many points of similarity between the English and the Chinese in their modes of thinking and even in their modes of speech. Both peoples have a profound distrust of logic and are extremely suspicious of arguments that are too perfect. We believe that when an argument is too logical it cannot be true. And both countries are gifted more at doing the right things than at giving happy reasons for doing them. All Englishmen love a good liar, and so do the Chinese. We love to call a thing by anything except its right name. Of course there are many points of dissimilarity (the Chinese are more emotional, for instance), and the Chinese and English sometimes exasperate each other, but I am digging at the roots of our racial make-up.

Let us analyze the strength of the English character and see how England's glorious career as a nation arises from it. We all know that England has had not only a glorious career but also a positively amazing career. England always had the knack of doing the right thing and calling it by the wrong name, as today, for instance, she calls the English democracy a monarchy. For this reason, it is very difficult to appreciate the quality of English greatness. The English nation has been misunderstood, and it takes a Chinese to understand the English racial character properly. The English people have been accused of hypocrisy, inconsistency, a genius for "muddling through," and a notorious lack of logic. I am making a defense of English inconsistency and English common sense. The accusation of hypocrisy is unjust and arises from a lack of true understanding and appreciation of the English character. I think, as a Chinese, I can understand the English character better than Englishmen understand themselves.

I am trying here chiefly to give a point of view for a true appreciation of England's greatness. In order to appreciate England one has to have a certain contempt for logic. All this misunderstanding of the English people arises from a perverted idea of the true function of thinking. There is always a danger that we regard abstract thinking as the highest function of the human mind, to be valued over and above simple common sense. Now the first function of nations, as of animals, is to know how to live, and, unless you learn how to live and adjust yourself to changing circumstances, all your thinking is futile and a perversion of the normal function of the human brain.

We all have the perverted idea that the human brain is an organ for thinking. Nothing is further from the truth. That view, I submit, is biologically incorrect and unsound. Lord Balfour has wisely said that "the human brain is as much an organ for seeking food as the pig's snout." After all, the human brain is only an enlarged piece of the spinal column whose first function is to sense danger and preserve life. We were animals before we became thinkers. This so-called logical reasoning is only a very much belated development in the animal world, and even now it is still highly imperfect. Man is only a half-thinking and half-feeling animal. The type of thinking which helps one to get food and get along in life is a higher, not a lower, type of thinking, because this kind of thinking is always sounder. This type of thinking is usually called common sense.

Now action without thinking may be foolish, but action without common sense is always disastrous. A nation with a robust common sense is not a nation that does no thinking but rather a nation which has subjugated its thinking to its instinct for life and made them harmonious. Thinking of this type profits from the instinct for life but is never against it. Too much thinking will bring about mankind's destruction.

The English people think, too, but never allow themselves to be lost in their own thoughts and logical abstractions. That is the greatness of the English mind and the reason for England's ability always to do the right thing at the right moment. It is also the reason for the English ability to fight the right war on the right side, illustrated from the Spanish Armada to the Napoleonic Wars, down to the Crimean War, the World War, and finally the late Italo-Abyssinian War. She has always fought the right war and always given wrong reasons for her choice. That is the reason for England's amazing power and vitality. You may call it "muddling through" and inconsistency and hypocrisy. At the bottom of it all is the robust English common sense and a level-headed instinct for life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In other words, the first law of nations as of individuals is the law of self-preservation, and, the more a nation is able to adjust itself to changing circumstances, the sounder is her instinct for life, logic or no logic. "Consistency," Cicero says, "is the virtue of small minds." The English capacity for inconsistency is merely a sign of England's greatness.

The Englishman at Home and Abroad

Take the amazing British Empire, for example, today still the greatest empire in the world. How did the English people do it? By an entire absence of logical reasoning. The greatness of the British Empire is based, you may say, on English sportsmanship, English endurance, English guts, and the incorruptibility of English judges. All that is true, but there is a greater reason; the greatness of the British Empire is based on the English lack of cerebration; the lack of cerebration, or insufficient cerebration, produces moral strength. The British Empire exists because the Englishman is so cocksure of himself and his own superiority.

No nation can go about conquering the world unless she is quite certain of her "civilizing" mission. The moment, however, that you begin to think and see something in the other nation or the other fellow and his ways, your moral conviction leaves you, and your empire collapses. The British Empire still stands today because the Englishman still believes that his ways are the only correct ways and because he cannot tolerate anybody who does not conform to his standards.

Thus the British Empire itself is based on an entirely illogical proposition. Its foundations actually date back to the pirate days of the supreme struggle with the Spanish Empire, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But, when pirates were necessary for the expansion of the British Empire, England was able to produce enough pirates to meet the situation, and she glorified her pirates. Later, when the industrial revolution called for colonial markets, she developed an instinct for founding colonies and made another astounding discovery of her civilizing influence. Soon an English poet, Rudyard Kipling, discovered the white man's burden, and the consciousness of the white man's burden and England's civilizing influence helped Englishmen to carry on as nothing else could. Of course nothing could be more ridiculous than all this, but nothing showed a sounder instinct for life.

Yet, if you think that this is mere thickheadedness and there is nothing more to it than a merely negative virtue, consider the other side of the picture. Certainly the development of the British Empire was unprecedented in mankind's history, and certainly such an empire could not be held together merely by an absence of logic. In the hands of any other nation, the British Empire would have fallen by its own weight, for the problem of holding together an empire from Australia to Canada would have taxed the most statesmanlike mind. Only the English mind could have solved it, and it did so by inventing the British Commonwealth. The British Commonwealth is actually a league of nations, with the difference that it is a league of nations which really works. The English people are probably unaware that it is a league of nations, for they have the knack of doing a thing without knowing what it is. I don't know how the English people discovered the formula, but somehow or other they have discovered it or stumbled into it by their sheer common sense and the capacity for adjustment to realities.

Or, take the case of the English language. The English language is today the nearest equivalent to an international language. How did the English people do it? By an equally absurd absence of logic, by the sheer stubbornness of the Englishman in refusing to speak anybody else's language. A Chinese speaks English when he is in England, speaks French when he is in France, and speaks German when he is in Germany. But an Englishman speaks only English everywhere. The English maxim is:

When you are traveling in Rome,
Do exactly as at home.

This is the only poem I ever composed in English. It is the most illogical thing but again it has turned out to be the right thing, and English today has established itself as incontrovertibly *the* international language.

And so on in all the different aspects of her national life. Her Anglican Church is a theological anomaly. Theologically, it is a hodgepodge of Roman mutton with English sauce, a popish theology without a pope, being merely the expression of the political sense of Henry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIII and Queen Elizabeth. It is absurd, it is ridiculously illogical, and today it is hopelessly antiquated, but some eight years ago the English Parliament still refused to revise its prayer book. It is a supreme example of the English spirit of compromise. But it is a church that works and survives to this day.

The English constitution is another masterpiece of English patchwork, and yet in spite of its being a patchwork it offers the English people a real guarantee of their civil rights.

Her great universities offer another instance of a strange conglomeration of colleges without rhyme or reason. Oxford has thirty colleges, and no one can tell you the reason why there must be thirty and not twenty-nine, and yet Oxford remains among the world's truest seats of learning.

The English form of government is in itself a contradiction, a monarchy in name and a democracy in reality, but somehow the English people do not feel any conflict in it. The English profess the greatest love for and loyalty to their king and then proceed to limit the expenditures of the royal household through their Parliament. Some day England will yet become a bolshevik state, with the English king still on his throne and under the leadership of a most die-hard conservative cabinet. England is already a socialist state today, taxing her aristocracy out of their landed estates and castles — without calling it by the name of socialism — and England may in a short time turn laborite, but one feels the process will take place so smoothly that there will be no violent shake-up. I feel confident that the basis of English democracy will stand the strain.

It's All So Decent!

And so there goes the Englishman with his umbrella (and unashamed of his umbrella), refusing to talk any language but his own, demanding marmalade in an African jungle and unable to forgive his "boy" for not producing holly and a plum pudding in an African desert on Christmas eve, so sure of himself, so terribly cocksure of himself, and so terribly decent. There is an inevitability about his words and actions and gestures when he is not looking like a dumb, persecuted animal. You can predict exactly what an Englishman will do even when he sneezes. He will take out his handkerchief — for he always has a handkerchief — and mutter something about the beastly cold. And you can tell what is going on in his mind about Bovril and going home to have a hot foot bath, all as inevitable as that the sun is going to rise in the east the next morning. But you cannot upset him. That cheekiness is not very lovely, but it is very imposing. In fact, he has conquered the world with that bluff and that cheekiness, and his success in doing so is his best justification.

For myself, I am rather intrigued by that cheekiness, the cheekiness of a man who thinks that any country is Godforsaken whose people do not take Bovril and do not produce the inevitable white handkerchief when the correct moment comes. One is lured to look behind that extremely brazen front and take a peep at his inner soul. For the Englishman is imposing, just as solitude is imposing. A man who can sit all by himself at a club party and look damned comfortable is always imposing.

Of course there is something in it. His soul is not such bad stuff, and his cheekiness is not just side and airs. I sometimes feel that the Bank of England can never fail, just because the English people believe so, that it cannot be closed simply because it isn't being done. The Bank of England is decent. So is the English Post Office. So is the Manufacturers' Life Assurance. So is the whole British Empire, all so decent, so inevitably decent. I am sure Confucius himself would have found England the ideal country to live in. He would be pleased with the London cop assisting old women across the street and he would be pleased to see children and minors addressing their elders with their *Yes, sir's*.

Confucius and Ramsay MacDonald

China, too, was a land that was terribly decent and terribly cocksure of herself. The Chinese people, too, were a people full of common sense and glorifying their common sense at the expense of logic. If there was anything the Chinese were incapable of, it was scientific reasoning, which was totally absent from her literature. The Chinese mind thinks by leaps and starts, and it often arrives at the same truth but by a quicker way, by sheer intuition. The Chinese mind had a knack of leaving out the unessentials and keeping a tight hold of the essentials of life. It had, above all, common sense and a wisdom of life; and it had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

humor and it could face a logical inconsistency with a clear conscience and great complacency.

Much of that wisdom and humor is now lost, and that good sense which distinguished her ancient life is now decayed. The modern Chinese is a freakish, peevish, and neurasthenic individual, having lost his equitable temper through the loss of self-confidence brought about by the misfortunes of China's national life in the last century and the humiliations of having to adjust herself to a new way of life.

But ancient China had common sense and a large measure of it. The most typical of Chinese thinkers was Confucius, and the most typical of English thinkers was Dr. Johnson, both philosophers of common sense. If Confucius and Dr. Johnson had met, they would have smiled and understood each other perfectly. Both could not suffer fools gladly and both would put up with no nonsense. Both showed penetrating wisdom and a firm judgment. Both used the same rule-of-thumb method and both worked on a patchwork of ideas. And both had utter contempt for mere consistency. Mencius said of Confucius that he was the saint of opportunists, and Confucius twice said of himself that with him "*yes* can do and *no* also can do." And the strange thing was that the Chinese worshiped this great master because he *was* a saint of opportunists — which was no term of opprobium in Chinese — because he understood life too profoundly to be merely consistent. Outwardly there was nothing to admire in this village schoolmaster. But the Chinese worshiped him rather than the more brilliant Chuangtze or the more logical Shang Yang or the more thorough-going Wang Anshih. There was nothing striking about Confucius except his love of the commonplace and nothing extraordinary about him except his platitudes. The only thing divine about him was his great humanity. As Dr. John C. H. Wu puts it:

> He was too moral to be moralistic, too pure to be puritanical, too broadly human to be all-too-human, too consistently moderate to be immoderate even in the virtue of moderation.

There could not have been a more uninteresting character. It takes a Chinese people to worship such a man, as it takes an English people to worship Ramsay MacDonald, whose political life is a supreme effort to be inconsistent in the English manner, which is the grand manner. A laborite, MacDonald one day went up the steps of Number 10 Downing Street, sniffed its air, and felt happy. The world, he felt, was quite likeable and secure and he proceeded to do his best to make it more secure. Having come to such a stage, he had no more scruples about committing his laborite principles to the winds than Confucius would have. For Confucius would have approved of Ramsay MacDonald as he would have approved of Dr. Johnson. Thus do the great spirits meet across the ages.

The Art of Living

What Europe needs today and what the modern world needs is not more intellectual brilliance but more life wisdom. The English have no logic but have wisdom in the Chinese sense. One feels somehow that European life is more secure and the course of Europe's historical development is more steady for England's presence. There are so few things one can be sure about that it does one good to see a man who can be so sure of himself.

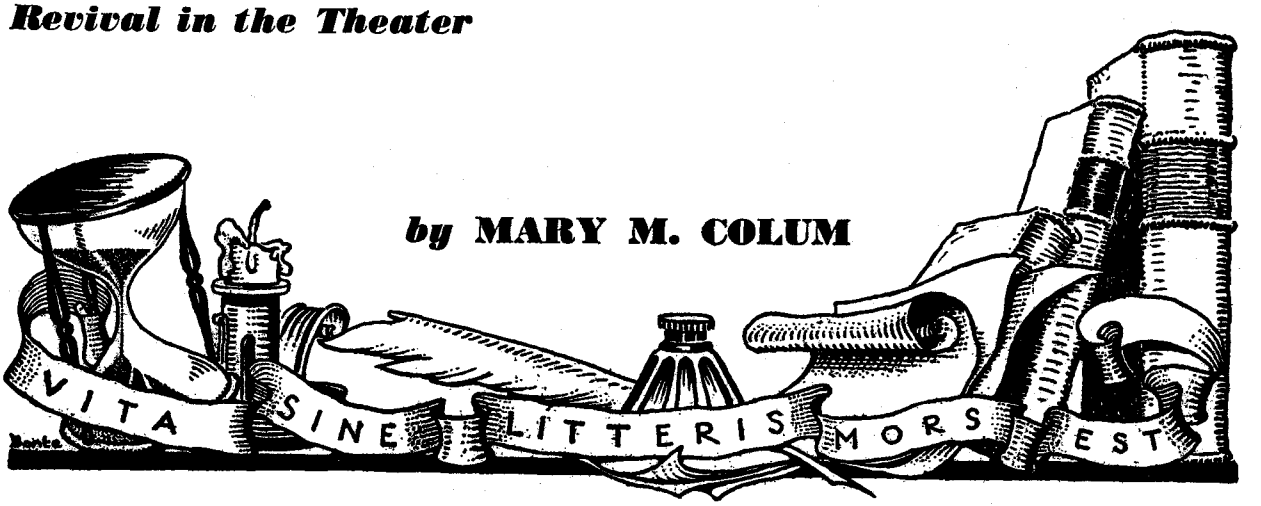
The great difference between England and China is that there is more manliness in the English culture and more feminine cunning in the Chinese culture. China would do well to learn a little manliness from England, and England would do well to learn more moderation and mellow understanding of life and the art of living from the Chinese. The true test of a civilization is not how you are able to conquer and to kill but how you can get the greatest kick out of life; and for these humble arts of peace, like feeding birds and raising orchids and cooking mushrooms and being happy in simple surroundings the West has still a lot to learn from China.

Someone has said that the ideal life is to live in an English country home, engage a Chinese cook, marry a Japanese wife, and take a French mistress. If we could all do that, we should have moved on in the arts of peace and could then afford to forget the arts of war. We would then know how to live, and forget how to kill. Christians may object to this scheme, but I believe such co-operation in the art of living will mark a new era of international understanding and good will and make the modern world safer to live in. It is a better program than what Mussolini is preparing for us. It is more convincing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life and Literature

Revival in the Theater



by **MARY M. COLUM**

WHATEVER may be happening in the theater in other countries, here there is obviously a dramatic revival. There is every indication that audiences are going to demand from the drama sterner stuff than has been handed to them in the last couple of decades and there is every indication that the men of the theater are going to be what they used to be —writers and artists and not manipulators of plots, with speeches and scenes fixed up for certain stars. The concocted play is going out, and with it that sort of first act that spun along without anything really to spin around, so as to allow people time to get into their seats and the tired businessman to digest his dinner; also the last act that had an ending of the kind that would allow him to sleep in peace.

There was little that might be called productive of restful sleep in the best of the Broadway plays of this winter. On the contrary, apart from the troubling nature of the subjects, there was so much firing off of guns, gas bombs, shrapnel, machine guns, submachine guns, sawed-off shotguns that at the end of the season one felt one had been through a revolution. There must have been more artillery on Broadway than was ever heard on any stage before. In some of the plays one got the habit of glancing, first of all, at an actor's hip pocket as he came on the scene.

Some very definite progress is marked in the theater in this year 1936. It is not altogether contemporary happenings that have led to this: for the most part it has been special theater factors that have brought about this consummation: the plays of Ibsen, the plays of Shaw, the plays and productions of the Moscow Art Theater, the verse-drama of W. B. Yeats, and, perhaps most surprising of all, the development of the motion picture. The cinema has shown it can give spectacle, melodrama, farcical comedy better than the regular theater; it can be more sentimental; its stars can far outshine the stars of the regular theater in glamour. So now, at last, the regular theater is being forced by this powerful competition to give what the cinema cannot give — significant drama, dramatic poetry, individualized action.

And suddenly, helping powerfully in all this imminent change, come the dramatic projects of the WPA. The regular theater managers and producers had, like the book publishers, been underestimating the intelligence of their audiences; the producers of the WPA may be overestimating that intelligence a trifle, but this is as it should be. The audience at T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was the most alive, the most intelligent, the most serious, taking it all in all, that I have ever sat amongst in any theater in any country. Most of it obviously had not dined so very well, so that its brain was not dulled by its digestive processes. One could guess that quite a portion of it had diligently to save a dime a day for a few days ahead to pay for its seat. Some of it was demanding from the play before us that sense of connection with the mystery of things that people used to get from religion, that concern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the problems of life and death and conduct that people used to get from the morality plays. And the noteworthy thing is that the two verse plays of the winter, T. S. Eliot's and Maxwell Anderson's, were both morality plays.

Morality (I): Justice and Society

Anderson's *Winterset* was, as everybody knows, produced by the regular theater; Eliot's as a WPA project. A few years ago a play like *Winterset* would hardly have got past the first reader in a producer's office; it would likely have been returned to the author as not being "theater." But this winter it was produced. It had a good run; it got remarkable acclaim; it received the newly organized Critics' Prize as the best play of the year. The author, in one of the most thought-provoking prefaces to a play since Shaw stopped writing thought-provoking prefaces, explains his attitude to the theater as well as what he is proposing to do in his play. Still, there are indications that he does not himself realize what he is doing. He believes himself to be an innovator, and this undoubtedly he is — but not in the sense he supposes. He says:

> It is incumbent on the dramatist to be a poet and incumbent on the poet to be prophet, dreamer, and interpreter of the racial dream.

He says of *Winterset* that it is largely in verse and

> more of an experiment than I could wish, for the great masters themselves never tried to make tragic poetry out of the stuff of their own time.

Here, I think, he is wrong, for the great masters often made tragic poetry out of the stuff of their own times, but what the great poet-dramatists did was to choose a fable already familiar to their audience and, as such, easily followed and into this pour the interpretation of the life of their times. With all respect to a dramatist of Maxwell Anderson's grave intentions, high seriousness and convictions and to his belief that the best prose in the world is on the stage inferior to the best poetry, he has not really achieved his intentions. What he has really written is a morality play, not very unlike those plays which in the medieval world were produced by the side of a cathedral or a town hall, dealing with subjects that were on the contemporary conscience. He has tried to write this in a technique largely derived from Shakespeare. He has imposed on a subject proper to a morality play a Hamlet-like hero who is seeking not to avenge his father's death but to prove the injustice of it:

> *All my life long*
> *I've wanted only one thing, to say to the world*
> *and prove it: the man you killed was clean and true*
> *and full of love as the twelve-year old that stood*
> *and taught in the temple.*

The numerous parallels to *Hamlet* all through *Winterset* are, no doubt, deliberate. The general effect of these and other Shakespeareanisms, imposed on a play which in the very nature of its subject and its conception is very far from Shakespearean, gives the sense that Maxwell Anderson did not really achieve the proper form for his plays; and this brings about that effect of monotony — dullness, even — which many of his audience felt in the production.

Then, no matter how sincere he may be, no matter how intensely he feels his subject, the author of *Winterset* has not sufficient power as a poet to endow his matter, his speeches, with that life and passion that a play in verse must have. No matter how we may honor him for his clear intuition that poetry must return to the stage, the fact is that there are very few lines of real poetry in his whole piece. Sometimes we have a sort of exalted rhetoric and we may say that even a great verse play has to have passages of what might be called exalted rhetoric in addition to its poetry. But Maxwell Anderson hardly ever achieves the poetry, and his long speeches are perilously close to rant, if not rant altogether.

But let us get back to that essential, the form of the play. Shakespeare approached the theme through his characters; Anderson is that other sort of dramatist who approaches his characters through his theme. The theme of *Winterset* is akin to that of a morality play: of youth seeking justice and finding that there is no justice in society but that there is forgiveness and there may be mercy. As the discovery is made, the Hamlet-like youth, Mio, dies with his Ophelia-like beloved from the shots of the machine gun. The characters are types rather than individuals, altogether different from the Shakespearean characters.

I am not saying that Anderson's form is purely Shakespearean, but it is a Shakespearean development, and Shakespeare seems to be the only poet-dramatist with whom he is really familiar. Shakespeare himself was not an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

innovator; he was the last of a line of dramatists who paved the way for him, who worked at building up the play form and the verse structure which he took over and made his own. The form belonged to a country, to a race, to a civilization in which the individual, individual emotions, individual destiny had the very highest importance. In addition, the form became powerfully dramatic only in virtue of the supernatural abundance of Shakespeare's mind; in other hands it is dull, dragging, monotonous and has proved a dangerous form for practically every dramatist trying to write a verse play since. Considering Anderson's theme, considering his characters, considering his situations, it seems to me that a form developed from Racine — and Anderson already has his unities — would have given swifter movement, a surer and more dramatic effect to *Winterset*.

For the sake of the younger poets who may be trying to follow Maxwell Anderson's lead and write a verse play, why should not the resourceful WPA produce an English version of a Racine play — *Phèdre*, for instance? Racine certainly wrote about his own time; it is a very familiar criticism of him, first made by Madame de Staël, that if we want to know what was the life of the court of Louis XIV, what manner of men and women lived there, and what were their habits and customs, the best way to find out is to read Racine. A poet can very well write about his own time in the clothing of an old and familiar fable — in fact an old and familiar fable saves the audience the worry of trying to follow the story of the play.

Although accustomed to verse plays, I for one was unable to follow *Winterset* completely on first hearing. Also it seemed to me there was nothing especially contemporary about its subject, in spite of the gangsters and the machine guns. However, it is only fair to sum up my reasons for thinking that this admired and crowned drama is not really an effective piece of work. The first and most important of all is that here, anyway, whatever he may achieve in the future, Maxwell Anderson is not able to cope with dramatic verse; he is not, in this play at least, an important enough poet for that. The second reason is that he has not found the proper form for his play and so has fallen into that monotony that a half-realized technique entails. Though he is to some extent an innovator, he is not a sufficiently critical or accomplished one, and the quality most necessary for innovators is that they should be critical, learned in what they are attempting. An innovator is not necessarily the highest type of creator, but he is the most knowledgeable and the most accomplished type.

Two Sides of a Wave

As the sea
Wears itself out
upon the land,
Wears away,

So I upon you,
So I would be worn,
You upon me —

Till it is morn,
Till it is night,
Till it is day.

I should be slight
As foam upon your
hand,
Many as spray,

Then deep and blue,
Rise up and over-
run the beach
And fall away.

We should be each
Sea, each sand,
Lie quietly

Repeating
The curve of each,
One wave, one we

Till ripple reach,
Until the very
Sand wake,

Rouse, and be a
sea,
And like two seas
that meeting
Break, and never
break.

Lloyd Frankenberg

Morality (2): Spiritual and Temporal Order

When we get to T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* we get to a play by a poet who is perfectly aware of what he is doing and who develops the technique most suitable for the statement of his theme. He knows thoroughly the various forms that a verse drama may take. For this mastery, to start with, he is naturally better equipped than Maxwell Anderson; and then he lives in London, and in London one is better situated for seeing verse plays than in New York: one can drop over to see a Racine play in Paris or a Schiller play in Berlin, and there is always a chance that a Yeats drama or a Yeats version of Sophocles may be on in Dublin. A vast variety of knowledge goes into the form that T. S. Eliot has evolved for himself: he knows that in dramatizing the murder of Thomas à Becket he is writing a morality play; he knows how to manipulate choruses; he knows not only the value of a chorus but the value of direct speech to the audience; he knows the dramatic effect of pageantry; where Maxwell Anderson is able to make out of the utterances of his characters only a prose rhetoric on which he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imposes a verse structure, T. S. Eliot at a stroke achieves poetry. And, in spite of the difficulty of its theme, Eliot's was an easier play to follow, and this by reason of the justness of its form and the pregnancy of its verse.

The story is out of English history; the theme is one unfamiliar enough to the younger American generation: it is that there are two orders in the world and that they can never coalesce — the spiritual order, symbolized by the Church, and the temporal order, symbolized by the state. The temporal order can give power, administrative conveniences, economic benefits, but it can never give what people really want: peace. T. S. Eliot put forward the theme with high sincerity, in grave and beautiful verse, in the best poetry that I think he has yet written; for here he has found new depths in himself. How fine is the chorus beginning:

I have smelt them, the death-bringers, senses are quickened
By subtile forebodings; I have heard
Fluting in the night-time, fluting and owls, have seen at noon
Scaly wings slanting over, huge and ridiculous. I have tasted
The savour of putrid flesh in the spoon. I have felt
The heaving of earth at night-fall, restless, absurd.
Laughter in the noises of beasts that make strange noises.

But T. S. Eliot's play, remarkably well sustained as it is, has a breakdown toward the end which a dramatist of Maxwell Anderson's theater experience would never have permitted. The four knights who have murdered Becket speak a direct defense to the audience — a very effective device in itself. But the author makes use of the four as a sort of chorus to express his own ironic comment on the situation, and this breaks the mood of the play; the fine speeches that follow are lost as far as the audience is concerned, because it is impossible for them to get back to the main movement of the play.

The Imaginary Class Line

No doubt some of the audience at *Paradise Lost* provided part of that for *Murder in the Cathedral*. Yet they both looked completely different, and it is such diversity of audience which makes New York an ideal place for a dramatic revival; there are audiences for every sort of play. *Paradise Lost* in its published version is introduced with a discourse on "classes" by the brilliant young director, Harold Clurman. It would be wonderful if the Rockefeller Foundation could discover a serum that would cure people of this middle-nineteenth-century class mania.

Harold Clurman describes Clifford Odets as the "poet of the decaying middle classes with revolutionary yearnings and convictions." Now Clifford Odets is not writing about the middle classes at all: he is totally unfamiliar with their manners, habits, outlooks, and interests. What he is writing about is far better dramatic material, far fresher and more exciting than any generalized middle classes. He is writing about a special group of people who for the most part live in the narrowest of worlds — small Jewish traders, petty manufacturers who live in the Bronx and who, no matter how different from the hereditary American, are a special and interesting part of the life of the large cities in this country. The older people have still their spiritual possessions, their strong feeling, and the remains of their rich racial culture. The young people have the high-strung energy of their race without the background of their elders. They are absolute materialists and they believe the world is going to pieces when returns, immediate returns, do not come in. What they lack is a dream of creativeness. When whatever returns they expect don't come in, they are torn with rage and exasperation, and the author mistakes this rage and exasperation for a tragic and revolutionary emotion. Like other immigrant groups, they have lost the idealism and culture of their forefathers and have not yet attained any mellowness or balance.

There is nothing especially revolutionary about Clifford Odets or his characters, nothing of the revolutionary depth that is to be felt in *Winterset* or *Dead End* or *Idiot's Delight*. But there is no doubt at all about his power to shape a dramatic action, about his grip on character, his ear for speech, the exciting freshness of his material. Up to the present, however, he has populated his plays with the same characters over and over again: the same people are in *Paradise Lost* as were in *Awake and Sing*. In all his plays there is that old dream of a world in which there is "no heartbreak or terror," a dream that has been with mankind since literature began. Each age or changing civilization extolls its own panacea: the return to nature was one, progress another; our own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is economic security in the classless state.

The dream is also in *Russet Mantle*. The young man and young woman think they are going to a new world, a world also "without heartbreak or terror." But they are more romantic than Odets' young people and they believe they can achieve the dream by not being like Uncle Horace or Aunt Susanna — Aunt Susanna who married Uncle Horace instead of a lover who couldn't support her and who went off to Spain. His bright smile haunts her still, and she and Uncle Horace are, because of this, never happy. The play represents the only outburst of the neoromanticism that reached Broadway this season, and was meant for an audience of adolescents of all ages, who clearly were vastly excited by the manner in which Kay and John contrived among other things to overwhelm their elders by begetting a child.

The three most entertaining American plays of the season were, in order of excellence, *Idiot's Delight*, *End of Summer*, and *First Lady*. *End of Summer* is a sophisticated and amusing play in the Oscar Wilde pattern, with sharply contrasted and diverting characters and highly amusing dialogue but with an ending that is a trifle unsatisfactory. The great comedy influences in the theater are still Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw, with the authors of *End of Summer* and *First Lady* inclining to Wilde and the author of *Idiot's Delight* to Shaw.

The Best American Comedy

I should not be surprised if it turns out that Robert Sherwood in *Idiot's Delight* has written the best American comedy up to date. *End of Summer* keeps inside the line of the graceful, the charming, the witty, the intelligently diverting. But *Idiot's Delight* has searing mockery, wit, irony, farce, humor, indignation, anger, and frightfulness. Although few of the characters are Americans and the action is laid in an international hotel on a mountain on the Italian border, the play manages to be so distinctively American that it could have been written only by one who was a native of this Republic and who knew the other natives to the marrow of their bones. It is, besides, an example of that sort of literature in which Americans are the only writers who have really excelled, the international genre which may be said to have started with Henry James in literature and John Singer Sargent in painting.

Robert Sherwood understands other races as well as his own — his Englishmen are really Englishmen, his Italians really Italians, his Austrians really Austrians; and his American, Harry Van, is a marvel. Fine as was Alfred Lunt's personation of this character, we can see from the published version of the play that the actor did not reveal the character in all his ramifications. For Harry Van is one of the complete creations in comedy. He is the salesman but the salesman with a touch of artistry, of transcendentalism; an inhabitant of Main Street but an adventurer; a mixer but always lonely; one who sees through himself but is always surprised at something in himself. As a salesman he has spent his life gulling the public and yet has preserved a simple faith in the world. His complete unconsciousness of his heroism, of his aspirations; his shrewdness and swift humor; his penetrating intelligence; his raw, unmolded mind; his fantastic virtuosity that comes out of him only in Main Street terms — these make him, as an American comedy type, better than Shaw's Broadbent as an English comedy type. In fact, when one thinks of national types in comedy to compare this creation with, one's mind runs to Moliere's Jourdain. Robert Sherwood has created in three dimensions what Sinclair Lewis did in two.

Like all excellent comedies, *Idiot's Delight* has a fantastic element — the connection of Harry Van with the Russian adventuress, Irene — and a farcical element — his connection with his team of blonde dancers: he is their pal, their boss, their critic, and their press agent. "Come on, Beulah," he says as he presents one to the military authority:

> Beulah is our bubble dancer, a product of the aesthetic school and therefore more of a dreamer.

And take his artistic directions to the team:

> Now listen to me, girls; Geneva's a key spot, and we've got to be good. Your audience there won't be a lot of hunkies, who don't care what you do as long as you don't wear practically any pants. These people are accustomed to the best. They're mains — big people, like prime ministers, and maharajahs and archbishops. If we can click with them, we'll be set for London and Paris. We may even make enough money to get home.

The whole play, in spite of the fact that there are no passages of fine talk, is memorable for its style; for style, after all, is inner development and style in dialogue manifests the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inner rhythm of the mind of the characters. *First Lady*, for example, has many comedy situations, many amusing lines, but it has no inner development in the sense that the other has and therefore it has no style. Its development is manipulated from the outside, while *Idiot's Delight* has inner and natural development.

Let us take two pairs of speeches from these two plays. Irene, the Russian adventuress, and Harry are talking of the mind-reading act they propose to put on.

> IRENE. I don't think I shall use my own name. No. . . . Americans would mispronounce it horribly. No, I shall call myself — Namoura . . . Namoura the Great . . . assisted by Harry Van.
> HARRY. You've nice billing there.

Then let us take two speeches from *First Lady:*

> BELLE. Well, what has happened? Is she gone? Tell me everything that happened.
> LUCY. Not a thing, Belle, not a thing. Except that Senator Keane was born in Canada, Belle, and can't ever be First Lady. Of course he can be Queen of England, Belle, but you never told me that.

Both pairs of speeches in their context are fine vehicles for the players, both are very amusing. But what character is in the first pair! Irene, who has had so many identities, is taking on another as she might take a new costume, and Harry's "You've nice billing there" is the perfect salesman-impresario's reaction; and as we laugh we feel the pathos of it: they visualize a life together and a mind-reading act that will bring them both a livelihood and fulfillment. But we know and they know that they will never have that life and never do that act. For war has been declared, and the bombs will smash them to bits, and Irene, who has been an adventuress as Harry has been an adventurer and who can express the wisdom she has got out of life as Harry is unable to express what he has got, explains to him that the whole world has gone to war

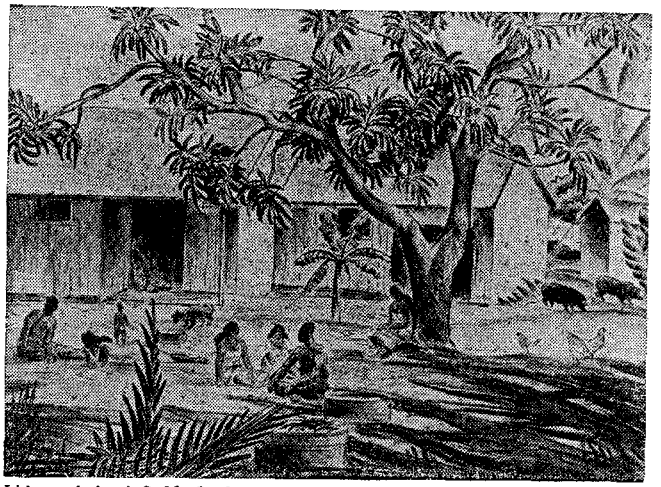
> just for the purpose of killing us . . . you and me. Because we are the little people — and for us the deadliest weapons are the most merciful.

EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The plays discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article which are available in book form are as follows:* Murder in the Cathedral, *by T. S. Eliot* (*Harcourt, Brace, $1.25*); Winterset, *by Maxwell Anderson* (*Dodd, Mead, $2.50*); Paradise Lost, *by Clifford Odets* (*Random House, $2.00*); Idiot's Delight, *by Robert Sherwood* (*Scribner, $2.00*); Russet Mantle, *by Lynn Riggs* (*French, $2.00*); End of Summer, *by S. N. Behrman* (*Random House, $2.00*); First Lady, *by George S. Kaufman & Katharine Dyton* (*Random House, $2.00*).

Decoration by Stow Wengenroth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hawaii Knocks at the Door



Lithographs by A. S. MacLeod *Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries*

Laie Maloo

by SYDNEY S. BOWMAN

THE SUBJECT of Hawaii and the forty-ninth star in the flag of the United States has a jack-in-the-box habit of bobbing up in the news. The question has some peculiar angles and is fraught with a generally unappreciated importance to every citizen of the United States. It merits more than casual attention.

Hawaii wants wholeheartedly, and for many reasons, to be the forty-ninth State in the Union. She is certain that her claims are more valid than those of insular possessions such as Puerto Rico or of purely figmentary localities such as Texlahoma. But virtually the only attention accorded her desire is by nervous citizens of the mainland who periodically pass resolutions against this worthy aim. The reason, of course, is that old bogey, the Yellow Peril. Two thirds of Hawaii's population, they shudder, is Oriental, predominantly Japanese. Admit Hawaii to the Union, and 148,972 Japanese plus 54,668 Filipinos, according to one viewer-with-alarm, will immediately rush to California's golden shores.

Now no land in the world, probably — at least no land whose destiny is so inextricably bound up with that of another land — is so widely and thoroughly misunderstood as Hawaii. This applies even to her next-door neighbors in California. To her own government, over five thousand miles away, it applies to an intensified degree. Because of these miles and other conditions, this is somewhat understandable. The District of Columbia and the Island of Oahu must be psychologically, as well as literally, many miles apart even under the most ideal conditions; yet there should be reason to hope for an attempt at intellectual understanding between a government and all the territory under its control, no matter how remote. That such a spirit has never developed to any appreciable extent tells the history of the relationship between Washington and Honolulu.

Dealing with Hawaii, the tendency is to use the implication if not the term "possession." On one occasion not long ago, the islands were actually relegated, by Congressional pronunciamento, to the category of foreign countries. It is hard for residents of Hawaii to forget those gall-and-wormwood words which served to amputate a territory from the mother nation and leave it dangling in the limbo of betwixt-and-between.

Therein lies the nubbin of controversy. Hawaii was an American community in spirit long before she became, voluntarily, a part of this nation by treaty. She experienced, then, as many States did while awaiting admission to the Union, protracted action on the part of Congress. In fact, as far as Hawaii is concerned, protracted action has been the almost uninterrupted policy of Congress. The interruptions, mostly, have been anything but salutary, yet on the whole Hawaii wishes that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress would awaken to the fact that one of its predecessors did, in a joint resolution, solemnly declare the islands of Hawaii to be an integral part of these United States.

II

But let us return to the chief phobia of the opposition, the Yellow Peril. This fear actually and in spite of sporadic denials is the only obstacle of any consequence to the consummation of Hawaii's ambition for Statehood. Except for the element of color in the island population, there would be little if any hesitation in saying to these petitioners: "Come on in, the Union's fine!"

It would be manifestly unfair to throw out, as some residents of Hawaii do, the entire racial case as childish, immature, or ignorant. Too many disinterested observers have found in it cause for worry. But it would be equally unfair not to give due weight to the opinions of those closest to the seat of the discussion, allowing for bias if you wish but further allowing for a knowledge of conditions which the most astute outsider could not hope to gain.

You cannot argue with figures. Of Hawaii's total population of 384,437, nearly 300,000, including Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, cannot be classified as Caucasian. Of these, some 254,808 are Asiatic or part Asiatic. These figures are startling and, alone, give rise to an understandable fear in long-range observers. Yet, as Hawaii points out, several details are blandly overlooked.

These figures are racial. But the so-called Orientals are, except for a few old-timers, all citizens of the United States and mostly of one- and two-generation standing. Oriental immigration to Hawaii was stopped in 1908, and the majority of Orientals now residing there have been born in American communities, educated in American schools, imbued with American ideals, paid with American dollars. They speak the American idiom and think American thoughts, pardonably tinged by their own semitropic environment and the arctic attentions of their American lawmakers. At that, many of them are better flag wavers than some of the internationally minded experimentalists who have pulled the works from the governmental watch and are now trying to sell the citizenry a new timepiece, with a ton of parts left over.

If there were real truth in the Yellow Peril bogey, it would be logical for the residents of Hawaii to be the first to be frightened. After all, the white population is in the minority, and if there were danger of an Oriental bureaucracy arising, coincident with Statehood, it is entirely probable that the natives of Honolulu and Hilo would anticipate and object to it, long before the natives of Jersey City or San Luis Obispo.

The white natives do not appear to be losing sleep over it. These are the words of David L. Crawford, President of the University of Hawaii:

> The so-called Japanese vote probably would never be in the majority. It would never constitute a bloc unless foolish and shortsighted attitudes on the part of the other racial groups forced it as self-defense for the Japanese-American element.

As far as wholesale exodus of these Orientals to California is concerned, it has apparently been overlooked that they would leave behind them better social, living, and working conditions (in the sugar industry, in which most of them are engaged) than they would be apt to find on the mainland. If they did not realize this or could not be convinced before their departure, they would quickly learn that nowhere else in agriculture could they get year-round employment and greater pay per day than in the islands. Furthermore, as revealed in the recent King-McClatchy correspondence, it would be as impossible for strictly alien Orientals to trespass upon the American mainland scene in the event of Statehood for Hawaii as it is now.

The objectors further ask what would be the attitude of this Oriental-American population in the event of racial disturbances. Would it then be loyal to its fatherland or to its race? This question must remain unanswered — we hope forever. It is, apparently, the only point bearing upon the Yellow Peril which can not be immediately clarified.

However, the Yellow Peril is still a potent mental factor in California and to a certain extent in Washington. It perhaps has an influence on the Congressional thinking which occasionally sees Hawaii as a possession or, in extreme instances, as a foreign land. Either attitude inspires the just indignation of the people of Hawaii. Why? Well, let's see what actually happened.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

In 1898 Hawaii was an independent republic of several years' honorable standing, with a government considerably more alive to the economic implications of the future than the rulers of its larger neighbor across the seas. This government had superseded, by a practically bloodless revolution, the old Hawaiian monarchy. Even the monarchy had recognized the advisability of annexation to the United States and had actually started negotiations with that end in view.

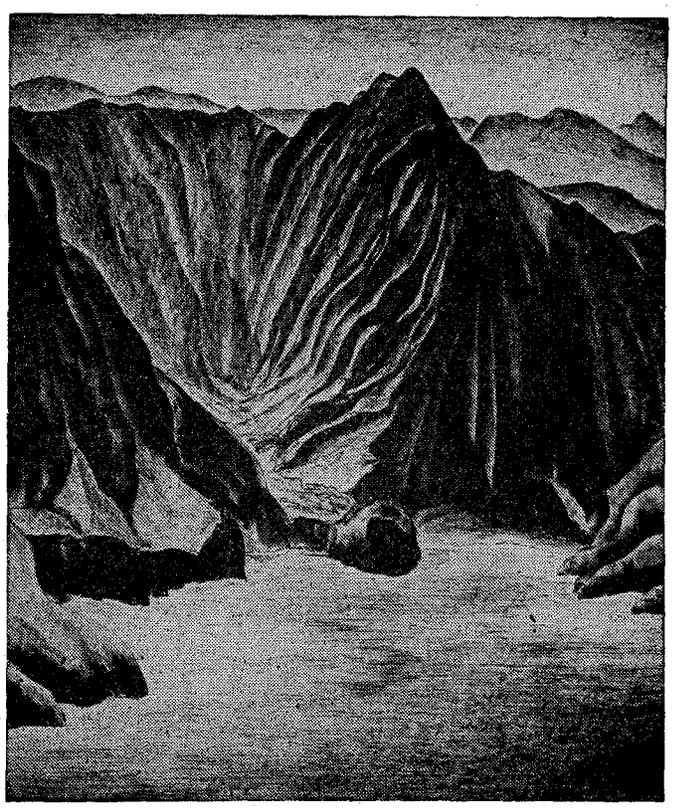
In 1894 the new republic had reopened these negotiations but found President Cleveland cold to the proposition. When the Republican McKinley became chief executive in 1896, these efforts were again renewed, and the next year the proposed treaty was submitted to the Senate but failed of the necessary two-thirds vote for ratification.

The following year, however, brought the Spanish-American War, and under its stress the American Government discovered the strategical value of Hawaii. The latter, still eager to achieve her goal, immediately offered to the United States the use of her harbors and facilities for accommodating troops, thousands of which were in transit to the Philippines. America became acutely aware of those small dots on the blue map of the Pacific.

On July 7, 1898, the Congress of the United States adopted a joint resolution declaring Hawaii a territory — an incorporated part of the United States of America. (This was the same procedure which preceded the admission of Texas to the Union as a State in 1845, Texas at that time also being an independent republic voluntarily seeking Statehood.) On August 12, 1898, in a ceremony of great solemnity, the American flag was raised over Iolani Palace in Honolulu.

The permanent act, which is virtually the constitution of the Territory of Hawaii, was formulated by a commission — three Americans and two Hawaiians — and signed by President McKinley on April 30, 1900. This is known as the Organic Act.

Under this act the Territory of Hawaii became almost a State, except that she does not have a vote. She has no representation in the United States Senate and only a nonvoting delegate in the House of Representatives. These are purely political differences and do not affect, in any manner, the constitutional rights of her citizens. The Supreme Court of



Cliffs of Hawaii

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States held, in 1903, that Hawaii had been incorporated into the United States, and that the Constitution applied to her in all its particulars.

Hawaii, therefore, occupies an unique position, not even analagous to that of Alaska, over which Congress has reserved certain control. The Philippines are an ex-possession, now a ward, soon to be cast adrift on the stormy seas of independence. Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Samoa, and Guam are insular possessions. The Panama Canal Zone is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

In contrast, Hawaii bears nearly every obligation of Statehood. All federal taxation laws, immigration laws, coastwise-shipping laws, wage laws, labor laws, and all other laws affecting the States apply to her with equal force.

In return she pays into the Federal Treasury more in internal-revenue taxes than do 17 of the States, pays her agricultural labor a higher basic wage than does the mainland, and bears her full share of the multiple burdens of citizenship. Her population is larger than that of 4 of the States.

Hawaii's "bill of rights," passed by her legislature in 1923, states fully the Territory's claims to recognition:

> Hawaii carries all the financial responsibilities and burdens of a State, so far as federal government is concerned. . . . It should therefore be accorded all the benefits and privileges enjoyed by States.

This statement is documented by quotations from treaties, acts of Congress, and United States Supreme Court decisions. It was passed by Congress and signed by President Coolidge in 1924.

Thus, *legally*, Hawaii is fully entitled to the position of Statehood which she already occupies in everything but name. As a State, she would simply have earned the inalienable right to defend her own rights. Without Statehood, it is a case of taxation without representation, and it may fairly be remarked that Hawaii evinces more patience than did her colonial forebears under similar stress.

IV

In arguing for Hawaii's admission to the Union, Hawaii can point to the operation of her own government, under which all races vote equally as citizens, and she will doubtless add a comment concerning the famously inoperative fifteenth amendment to the Constitution.* She will explain patiently that these citizens who vote in their own territory pay net taxes to the federal treasury that totaled, up to June 30, 1935, $135,533,470, yet have no direct representation in the federal government. She will point to her industrial situation, which is dominated by sugar because nature decreed this partnership and man made it pay. She will mention her achievements in sociology, engendered by the very heterogeneousness of her population and which the world has come to study and commend. She will define her strategical importance in the defense scheme of the nation. She will repeat with pleasure the parting words of President Roosevelt on the occasion of his memorable visit:

> The problems that you are solving are the problems of the whole nation, and your administration in Washington will not forget that you are in very truth an integral part of the nation.

Under the Constitution, Hawaii functions as a State. She is taxed as a State. A year ago she was paying more in internal-revenue taxes than were 16 of the States; this year there are *17* States behind her on the list, and the one she passed in 1935 was none other than that very important part of the Union, Maine, whence came many of Hawaii's own early settlers. Furthermore, figures to be found in the 1936 *World Almanac* show that in income taxes alone Hawaii now holds the lead over 18 of the States. Yet Hawaii has no direct representation under which she may defend her rights when occasion arises. This is the situation, and to a people less engaging and patient than are the people of Hawaii it might well be untenable.

The situation is, of course, anomalous. The controversy revolves entirely in areas of emotional reaction, chiefly reactions to the Yellow Peril, real or false. The strange thing is that hardly anyone on the mainland, dealing with Hawaii, applies to his reasoning a legal or Constitutional test. Hawaii *does*. Consequently, the Territory argues from a legally incontrovertible premise, and a government answers in emotional and therefore to some extent irrelevant generalities. Until the same measure is applied to both viewpoints there can be no real understanding.

---

* Editor's Note: — *The fifteenth amendment safeguards the vote against discrimination on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pillars of Government

Maury Maverick: A Texas Norther in Congress

by **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

MAURY MAVERICK, an unbranded Texan whose grandfather put his family name into the English language as a noun because he refused to sear with a red-hot iron the 453 cattle that came into his reluctant custody in payment of a debt, has achieved in the Congress of the United States what people declared was no longer possible. In half of his first term he made his name known to all thinking and reading Americans. Not by wearing a broad-brimmed Stetson hat and a flowing tie and high boots — he swears no man in his family ever was in the cattle business or ever wore such articles of attire. Not by offering a pension panacea for all our ills nor by demanding that people share their wealth before devising a new and sound economic order. He has fired no pistols on the plaza in front of the Capitol and he has not rushed with clenched fists upon any fellow member to win a first-page position nor has he sought, like one now dead, to stop the machinery of Congress by a one-man filibuster.

His distinction Maury Maverick achieved, in all his Congressional verdancy, because he has deep and passionate feelings, because he is no respecter of personages or musty rules, and because he had something to say and said it. "Too much," many cynical observers have declared; "he is weakening his influence by talking all the time and casting his lot with too many reforms."

To which the answer is that Maverick is stronger today than when he took the oath; but that if he were steadily losing ground it would make no difference to him. He knows what he wants when he wants it, and you cannot be in the House of Representatives and fail to be aware of it. He is brusque, aggressive; some say bull-headed and add something about a china shop. "Roughneck" is another description, and there is something in his appearance to suggest the wide open spaces.

But I prefer to lay that onrushing manner to other causes. He is afraid of no one; he is too deeply impressed with the gravity of the crisis in which the United States finds herself and the darkness of the more distant future; he has not a second to lose in doing his share. And he has four things for which he will fight, bleed, and die, in and out of Congress: peace; preservation of our personal and Constitutional liberties (which means a free press, the right to free assembly, and complete freedom of utterance); conservation and development of our natural resources (such as Boulder Dam, the TVA, and the general soil-erosion, reforestation, and resettlement plans of Secretary Wallace).

And the fourth of these is again peace. For they brought this man into a hospital in France to die, with several German bullets in him, one of which hit his spinal column. They put him in a bed six inches from that of a German, a good part of whose face had remained on the battlefield. But the German could still talk a little, and he mumbled things about old-age pensions and unemployment that Maury Maverick, with that bullet in his spine, never forgot. And the German taught his American enemy something else. Not over one foot away, he died in terrible convulsions. "One *can* learn," says Maverick — if he speaks of it. One can learn — also one can never forget. You don't forget if for sixteen long years you suffer pain in your spine. You forget still less if then you go to the Mayos and they saw off part of five vertebrae — and leave you with *much more pain per second than all the time before*. Would *you* be very polite and quiet and unaggressive under these circumstances? Or would you carry on roughly with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unfailing courage, amazing vigor and fortitude, and a bit of clatter and clash just to dull things and be oblivious awhile? And wouldn't *you* be for peace? Especially if you had two youngsters who are likely to be of age about the time the next world war breaks loose?

Why shouldn't Maverick speak out and make a nuisance of himself and go to the White House, as he did last August with a volunteer delegation of nine Congressmen, and tell the President of the United States to his face that whether His Excellency wished it or not they were going to have neutrality legislation with nice, large mandatory provisions in it? "But I don't want mandatory provisions in it," said F. D. R. "But that's precisely what you are going to get," they assured him; and he got it. Naturally Maverick insists on more neutrality legislation, does not want any loans or credits given to any belligerents, and seeks to have Messrs. Morgan & Company and others of their variety muzzled and chained to their offices, so that they won't help again to send young men to give lodging in their spines to machine-gun bullets, by tying us up to somebody else's war machine.

Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Representative Maverick

Not that he has become a pacifist. Nothing so dreadful — or so sane — as that. Probably, if the drums were to beat and the troopships were on the tide once more, Maverick would be just inconsistent enough to volunteer again — if that spine permitted. He belongs to that group that thinks that the next big war will about end everything but he will stick with the country if her rulers once more order the citizens out to make something safe — democracy, Christianity, or just plain business loans and prosperity. The fighter in him would not let him stay put if men were being disemboweled in no man's land again; the leader

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in him would say that his place was at the front.

Early Life of a Queer Fish

It is that leadership in him which, together with his complete divorce from all conventionality, has sent him to the fore in Congress and given us the gratifying assurance that a man of worth and power can be heard in the lower house as soon as he arrives in it. I do not know whether his fearlessness is due to that extremely rare discovery by men in office that courage is the truest road to success or whether it was just born in him. But what an odd fish he is in the Congressional aquarium is certainly proved by his coming out squarely against the Townsend old-age pension when it was not necessary for him to do so. No wonder some of his associates think him crazy. He goes looking for trouble. This is what he said:

> The Townsend Plan is the most fantastic proposal, and the most unjust to old people, ever offered in America. . . . The Townsend Plan is a brazen, unconscionable, and hopeless demand on the poor people, and merely keeps our nation from getting to our real problems.

Nothing pussyfooting there. Nothing straddling or equivocating, but straight from the shoulder, despite the fact that the Townsend Plan was reported to be going strong in Texas. People may quibble over Maury Maverick's manner and style and choice of words and wish he would not shoot so often and be so noisy about it, but no one is ever going to accuse him of straddling. When he is asked why he hits out so hard, he draws himself up and says: "Having died twice in France it isn't worth while to avoid one political death by being a demagogue."

Well, this Congressional comet is a true product of Texas. He was the youngest of eleven children, which, he says, is the "reason why the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Manufacturers' Association, and the Liberty League believe in birth control." He solemnly declares that he was "born amid the clashing of thunder, and the heavens were rent asunder" and to make sure that you believe it he adds, "I can remember it as plain as day. The stork and I came in through a big bay window which was open. I crawled down from the window sill, took my clothes off, and went to sleep by the side of my mother."

When he had made his mother's acquaintance in the course of years he found that she was and is the "best cultured and best educated woman I know." She taught him to read instructive books, taught him to get at facts before forming his conclusions and opinions — and she could do so because she was an exceptionally well-informed woman. He is proud of his ancestry and that his forebears were here by 1620; that a Maverick ancestor was one of the first four to spill blood in the Revolution; and that his grandfather, Samuel Maverick, fought at the Alamo, though not in its final siege. Obviously no one disgusted by his "radicalism" and his rapid-fire denunciations can tell him to go back where he came from — just as his wounds and his two medals for valor prevent militarists from impugning his motives or his courage when he exposes military claptrap and love of power.

His father having gone broke and obviously not being a believer in birth control, Maury had to work hard on a farm. When he went to school he did not like his studies much but he still studied all the time. He had excellent advantages and plenty to eat, and his mother saw to it that he read in some of his leisure time. Most of his boyhood traveling was done on horseback; the foundation of his self-confidence was surely laid when at the age of nine he and some eight other boys, the eldest fourteen, rode a hundred miles across country, shifting for themselves and once living off corn meal for three days. This is the nearest he ever came to pioneering, perhaps his nearest approach to the towpath which every budding American statesman is supposed to have trod.

Maverick Sounds Off

Probably it is a shock to some New Englanders to learn that not everybody in Texas was once a cowboy and that there are people of ancient lineage and inherited traditions there and that Maverick is one of them. They might not realize it to hear him talk, because of his breeziness, his occasional slang, the accent of the people he serves.

But they would delight to hear him talk nonetheless — they could not help it. He told the House one day about an undesired invitation he had received from the Southern Industrial Council:

> You know, when a man who does not know me pokes his nose into my cotton patch and talks to me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about coming to a free barbecue, I always smell a rat. I wrote back that I'd rather buy my own meal.

After the conference was held, he denounced it in these words:

> Under the pretext of Southern decency, on which we Southerners pride ourselves, some hundred Congressmen and Senators foregathered to hear the Democratic administration insulted and the President treated derisively. It was absurd, contemptible, vicious, insidious, cowardly. It was an appeal to prejudice of such a type that would isolate the South from the rest of the nation.

It is safe to assume that Mr. Maverick has received no more invitations from the Southern Industrial Council.

Delightful, too, was his suggestion that there should be two new "days" for the House of Representatives. His proposal:

> Let's have a Quaker Day, when no one will speak except from divine inspiration, and a Murder Day when we'll kill all those who spoke on Quaker Day.

Brevity may be the soul of wit; with Maury Maverick it serves other purposes. He frequently writes letters four words long. His reply to a five-page attack upon him by a constituent who opposed the utility bill:

> Dear Sir:
> Ph-f-f-ft.
>
> Very truly yours,
> *Maury Maverick*

That constituent was lucky he didn't receive these remarks, to which Mr. Maverick has also resorted:

> The utility bill will break an organization which is more powerful than the government. Once it is broken we can proceed to govern the people. The TVA bill will conserve natural resources and furnish cheap power. The sapheads that yell about the government interfering in business don't know what they're talking about. A company goes in and drains the State for profit — say, did you ever see a utility company plant a tree except in the front yard to attract investors?

When it comes to the question of the revision of the Constitution, Mr. Maverick rushes in to let people know where he stands:

> Mr. Speaker, in the last few months I suppose more guff and nonsense, not to mention malicious misinformation, has been peddled about on the American Constitution than at any time in our history. The fact that anyone should mention an amendment to the Constitution is cause for spiteful character assassination. Amending the Constitution is certainly constitutional, for amending it is provided in the Constitution itself. This is certainly an elementary statement. We all "revere" our forefathers, most of us at least as much as those who pretentiously blat in the public prints, but we also know that our "forefathers" were practical, intelligent, liberal men, who created this nation by revolting against England, and who thereafter set up a constitutional government, providing for constitutional amendments and changes. The purpose in doing this was to forever make the forcible overthrow of government unnecessary and improper — making the ballot the basis of changes to meet future conditions.

For Peace

It was his determination to do all within his power to achieve peace that made this yearling Congressman come to the front with the neutrality bill sponsored in the Senate by Senators Nye and Clark and in the House by Mr. Maverick. He gave a year of study to it, and a speaking trip into twenty-four States brought him the conviction, which is shared by others who have been in touch with popular assemblages, that the American people are interested in nothing so much as their preservation from entanglement in the next war — that they value their sons' lives above any number of dollars. As between the Administration bill, which was shelved at least for the present, and the Maverick bill, the writer of this article favors the latter, because Mr. Maverick has sought to make action mandatory upon the President wherever possible. To the undeniably serious criticism that it is impossible to foresee each and every situation, the reply is that risks must be run in any case and that the President can always call an extra session and that the President should not again be subject to the kind of pressure which Mr. Wilson faced from political and business circles by the time that our Eastern industry had, to a large degree, become an integrated part of the British war machine.

Mr. Maverick is especially eager to have a law which makes it mandatory for the President to declare embargoes just as soon as war begins. Asked when modern wars begin, since, as in the cases of China and Japan, and Italy and Ethiopia, they may take place without a declaration of war, the Congressman was necessarily somewhat vague, as everyone must be:

> The status of war, it seems to me, will be determined on the basis of the major activities of those two nations or if troops of one nation are on the soil of a foreign nation.

When asked at a hearing whether he would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apply the embargoes to his own State, he replied with admirable forthrightness that he had already publicly declared in Houston, the "greatest cotton center in the world," that he

> would just as soon close every port in the United States, including Houston and Galveston if it would save the life of one human being.

If that seems a sweeping statement, it is most encouraging to note his later assurance:

> The reaction I got was to the effect that the people in Houston or Galveston that are in the cotton and oil business would be willing to lose all the money that it was possible to make if they thought it would save human lives and keep us out of war.

That Mr. Maverick is wholly against the granting of credit and loans to belligerents naturally follows — not because he underestimates the difficulty of enforcement or the possibility of "rerouting" a loan, let us say to Canada, but because he feels that something must be done and done now before the hysteria of wartime is at hand. He knows that in this neutrality matter all the experts disagree and that there are absolutely no precedents. But he thinks that there is no reason whatever for not attempting some steps, for pioneering in this vital field. Only one other subject — the TVA — arouses him as passionately; for that he stands heart and soul. He has visited it, studied it carefully for days, and poured forth pages and pages about it into the *Congressional Record*.

To Liberty's Rescue

Naturally a man with Mr. Maverick's devotion to peace, with his family inheritance, with his love of liberty watches with dismay the growing influence of the army and navy lobbies in Washington, the increasing attempts to gag the people and muzzle the press, and the growing denials of civil liberties the Constitution guarantees. He has been especially active in opposing the McSwain bill,* to provide penalties for the exertion of "mutinous influence" upon army and navy and one of the most dangerous pieces of legislation ever offered in Congress since the alien and sedition bills. It originated with the Navy Department, which is so uncertain of its enlisted forces as to believe that they yield to the blandishments of communists whenever they come into contact with them. A few cases of communists offering handbills and other propaganda have so terrified the Navy Department, despite the fact that no mutinous conduct due to this cause has ever been exposed to public knowledge, that it has drawn a bill as alarming in its provisions as to make it possible under it to arrest the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for printing a recent article by Admiral Sims. For that article declared that the navy's promotion system is bringing to the top incompetent commanding officers — which might certainly incite some sailors to "disaffection" by making them undesirous of serving under incompetent superiors.

Well, here is the way Messrs. Maverick and Kvale reject the measure, in words which no one can misunderstand and which bespeak the true patriotism of the writers:

> This measure, put forward apparently casually and in as inconspicuous a manner as possible, is a direct, unnecessary, and wanton assault on the freedom of the press and of speech, and on our traditional rights of immunity against unreasonable search and seizure. At the very least, it is a sop designed to cater to the prejudices of those so-called patriotic groups who think that the most becoming garb for the Statue of Liberty is a strait-jacket and that American freedom consists of allowing the liberties of the people to be anaesthetized into complete coma. At worst, it is an underhanded attempt to prevent the American people from criticizing or organizing to oppose the magnificent grabs of the munitions makers and the other selfish special interests and to put the whole authority of the United States behind unimpeded appropriations for the relief of the Schwabs, du Ponts, and Morgans, who thrive on battleships and munitions contracts. It is also a snide effort to prevent that free discussion which would help to prevent foolish and unnecessary wars.

Here endeth the picture of the Texas Norther who blew into Washington and roared through the halls of Congress. But don't think of him as one lacking in tact or charm or ability. At a dinner of the Economic Club in New York in February of this year he held a large audience of hard-boiled businessmen spellbound. They insisted that the rules of the Club be broken so that he could speak longer than the allotted time — and they made him speak again! There were two other speakers on the program; Maverick stole the show. He told the audience things utterly opposed to its views — and went off with its applause and its friendship. Who shall say how far he may go if his constituents value him as they should in the years to come?

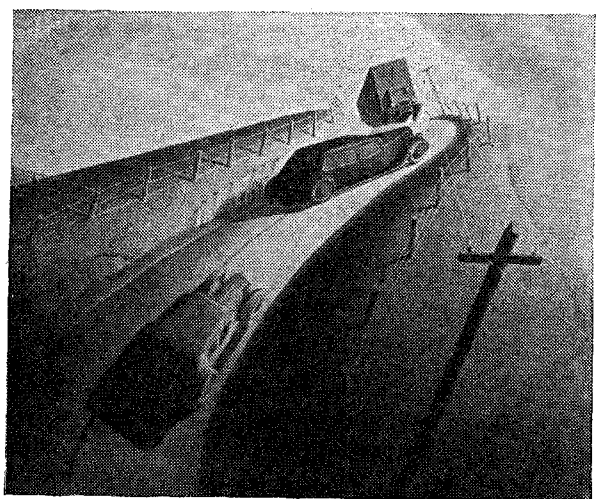
---

* Editor's Note: — *See "The Gag Threatens!"* (*May* Forum).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nationalism in Art

by **THOMAS CRAVEN**



by Grant Wood *Courtesy of the Walker Galleries*

Work of an American "Nationalist"

THE TRIUMPHANT return of American art to the consideration of the engaging enterprises of our national life has aroused the indignation of various disgruntled factions. The most vociferous outbursts have issued from the sore throats of the cosmopolitan painters of New York, but the people of America are no longer heedful of the wails of dying modernists. Nor are they heedful of the tirades of that other New York faction, the amateur communists and painters of Russian propaganda. Nor have they any use for the piping little aesthetes of Hartford, the wrist slappers who fell for Saint Gertrude's convulsion in three acts and who are now indulging in the erotic trash of San Salvador, the surrealist. And I do not imagine that they are sitting up nights worrying over the belated fad in abstract art fostered by the Tories of Chicago.

There is, however, a hostile attitude toward the new American art which is still something of a nuisance. I refer to the cultivated reproaches and softening conservatism of the pillars of wisdom in our sacred temples of learning. The habit of resisting every new tendency in art because it is of native origin, of forever harking back to the canonized deposits of the past, is not confined to our colleges — it is characteristic of the "best" people everywhere — but it receives its strongest support and its critical authority from our antique professors. These pompous souls think that when they reject the fetuses of Matisse and the silly patterns of Picasso they are fulfilling their obligations to American originality. They profess to love America and all her earnest, aspiring artists but actually they love only the sweet smells of the departed dead. They seem to think that it is a sin to speak of nationalism, a sign of narrowness, a token of the clodhopper; they counsel us to be broad-minded and liberal and tolerant of the superior cultures of Europe. A curse upon their tolerance! The whole trouble with America, in aesthetic matters, is her tolerance. She has been, until recently, so gullibly tolerant of imported cultural fetishes that she has remained in colonial bondage to moldering European abstractions.

The professors warn us that our rapidly developing nationalism in art will lead us into priggishness and a new form of American Philistinism. They accuse our best painters and their champions — I happen to be one of the ringleaders in the movement — of being vulgar and underbred, of manifesting a certain cockiness of expression. Cockiness indeed! They said the same thing of Mark Twain, whose humility toward the art of which he was a master exceeded that of any other modern writer.

These victims of immaculate breeding and high-toned culture would remark a certain cockiness in the Sermon on the Mount — if it had been uttered by an American. They have the self-conscious sobriety and overrefinement of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson. I met Robinson but once and I shall not forget that meeting. The editor of *The Dial* had thrown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or "organized," as he put it — he was a most aesthetic editor — a very select party in the poet's honor, and, owing to the sudden defection of a celebrity — William Butler Yeats, I think — I was asked to attend. Robinson arrived late, the most icily reserved gentleman I had ever seen. After acknowledging, in beautifully chosen monosyllables consistent with his frigid dignity, the compliments heaped upon him, he retired into a corner, remained seated for an hour in monumental silence, and then departed.

Some days later I called upon the editor in his office. Though not precisely noted for his humor, he was this time cackling in a fit of laughter. "I've just had a letter from Robinson," he explained, "in which he apologizes for his boisterous conduct at my party. He says he was "tight and extremely cocky" — and I've been wondering what he is like when he is sober.

How our academic preceptors can profess general sympathy with the native trend in American art and then proceed to deprecate everything this art stands for is too much for me. The truth is that our pillars of wisdom are not in sympathy with American art. They would like to be, but their background and conventional habits of thinking and living are against them. They have labored exclusively in the classical harness; their mental habits have crystallized; their aesthetic arteries long since hardened. All they can do now is to affect a fulsome condescension and drone the classroom glories of the old masters.

Confronted with new conditions and pugnacious, unorthodox artists who work from their perceptions of things in the real world, not from the academic habit of referring to the venerated objects in the museums, the professors and the best people are helpless. Their attitude toward our best artists is identical with that of the old Christian fathers toward formal changes in religious art. You will remember Browning's poem: how the preaching friars ganged round Fra Lippo Lippi and gave him the devil because he had introduced some honest-to-God flesh-and-blood experiences into his paintings. They told him to paint the soul — not disturbing legs and arms. They peeped over his shoulders, shook their heads, and said:

"It's art's decline, my son!
You're not of the true painters, great and old."

Nationalism — What of It?

It is neither the privilege nor the duty of the artist to be thrilled by the actual scene; it is sheer necessity. There is no other way in which vital art may be produced. Whatever the nominal subject may have been in the old art of Italy — Madonnas and crucifixions — the actual subject was the behavior of men and women in an environment in which the artist was a living participant. This is an old truth, but it would seem to need repeating. The man who is moved to paint by interests residing in art and not in life is unworthy to be named an artist. He is an imitator, a hack, or an eclectic like Picasso.

It is true that in the current American movement there are a large number of painters who have suddenly concerned themselves with national phenomena because they think it is the thing to do. But every valid movement has had its opportunists, politicians, and camp followers. The leaders of the American group, however, are not painting from precepts or upon advice of literary counsel. They are driven by that inner compulsion which sooner or later drives every original mind to the consideration of living experiences. This consideration has always been definitely localized. It was local in China, Egypt, Italy, Flanders, and Spain; but, having produced enduring art forms, it is affectionately termed universal by the professors and cosmopolitan by the internationalists. But, when American artists are similarly inspired, they are termed priggish. I don't like the word but I am willing to accept it rather than return it disobligingly to those who have so generously offered it — those who have borne that distinction so charmingly all these years.

The priggishness of our outstanding American artists is that stubborn integrity of spirit, that rare independence of great minds and characters who, as Lowell pointed out in his essay on Pope, respect their own provincialism and dare to be in fashion with themselves. The priggishness of Michelangelo when, with true Florentine narrowness, he cursed the Flemish painters for "putting little things here and there"; of Leonardo when he ridiculed the Venetians; of Rembrandt when he refused to leave his native land; of Hogarth when he spat upon the sham heroics of the Reynolds clique;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Daumier when he went to the gutter and the police court for his materials rather than to the boneyards of antiquity like that cosmopolitan paintworm, old Poussin; of Cezanne when he went back to the farm and the peasants, leaving Bohemian Paris to the cultured international butchers.

In the opinion of the thin-blooded pedants, my "robust nationalism will merely foster a new American Philistinism." This robust nationalism is not a new element in American life — I did not invent it; in the field of letters it is responsible for our greatest writers, from Emerson and Thoreau to Mark Twain, Whitman, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and the present group of burgeoning novelists; and I have harped upon it in order that the art of painting might be encouraged to stand upon its own feet.

This Americanism is essentially democratic in spirit, taking into account the rich singularities so prevalent throughout our country; asserting rudely, to the discomfiture of the highbrows and cloistered wiseacres, that one man is as good as another; refusing to swallow specious theories; and ever mindful of facts and individual variations of temperament, rejecting contemptuously inflexible systems and imposing verbal structures, whether in art or politics. Such a spirit has done much to cast suspicion on the specialists and intellectuals who, to tighten their prestige, have made art remote and unintelligible — a luxury accessible to only the favored few. It has brought American literature into the lives of the people and is hastening the movement of painting in the same direction. If this be Philistinism, let us have more of it.

I have never asked the painter to glorify America; I have never asked him to glorify anything. I have insisted only that he preserve his independence; that he remain free to criticize or reject any creed, system, or *ism;* that, having lived and observed some form of American life, he paint with knowledge of the psychology of his subjects. And, first and last, I have insisted that he exhibit some measure of individuality, for without individuality there can be no art.

The Academicians in Terror

All this, I know, is repugnant to the apostolic succession of cultural snobs, the self-anointed aristocrats, the foes of individualism, the exponents of tastes and standards — the tastes and standards of long ago. They do not seem to realize that tastes and standards come after the fact; that great creative minds in all departments of art have been notoriously lacking in both. They insist that tastes and standards are the minority products of an intellectual aristocracy. I grant it but I am not interested in the conventionalized habits and stereotyped attitudes of intellectual aristocrats — I am interested in originality and the production of new forms of art.

Our classroom apostles do not need the fresh experiences implicit in new forms of art. They are satisfied with the art of the past or, more exactly, with the traditional worship of that art as it has been formalized by generations of languid professors. Let them have their intellectual aristocracy — they are welcome to it — that state of mind peculiar to highbrow editors, aesthetes, and certain seaboard universities but practically nonexistent in the central valleys of America. Let them continue to preach the colonial spirit of dependency in art and conduct, with daily obeisances to European sanctions; let them refine upon the abstractions which separate the minds of men from the realities of things; let them have those critical attitudes which destroy freshness of vision by setting up standards of accomplishment based upon deductions from the past and not at all upon experience.

The academic mind is mortally afraid of vulgarity in any form or fashion. It is afraid of the rough-and-tumble originality of the artists of the Middle West; afraid of them as the Eastern baseball teams were afraid of the gashouse gang from St. Louis; as the Boston ninnies — and the tender-minded Howells — were afraid of Mark Twain. I'm sorry these gifted painters turn the stomachs of our cultural epicures; I'm sorry we have no purveyor of antique delicacies to comfort their fluttered souls. I suggest that they put their submissive college lads to work; that they inspire them to produce some witless, Old World echo, something cleansed of all vulgar realities; let them produce just art, pure and sanctified and soothing, related to nothing on earth, dedicated to the glory of God, Alma Mater, and Antiquity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wheelbarrow Coolie Follows a New God—I

A Story in Two Parts

***by* ELENA BOCHKOVSKY**

He was a wheelbarrow coolie and came often to the convent door. In winter, his back against the whitewashed wall, he would squat on the sun-warmed flagstones of the little outer courtyard and gaze earnestly at the refectory tables and straight chairs in the deserted parlors on either side of the closed door.

On the hungry days his weather-beaten face would wear a look of resigned sadness. He seemed to pass all his life either huddling in the rain or shivering in the cold. On the long days without rice followed by long, long nights in the open under the eaves of some fluted roof, he would dumbly wonder if life were easier in his native village and whether he should return to the Province of Hupeh. But on days when he happened to pick up a fare and so could afford even a night's lodging he would doze peacefully on the sun-warmed flagstones. In summer he would squat in the shade with his barrow, his back to the parlors and the closed door, and he would gaze out through the open gateway of the courtyard at the sampans on the Zi-Ka-Wei Creek, his desires limited by his present enjoyment. But, when pushing and balancing his wheelbarrow laden with a cargo of bricks along ten li of dusty paths in a temperature of a hundred and four for less than the price of a meal, he would wonder whether he should go back to Hupeh.

He had been a familiar figure in the little courtyard of the convent since the morning when he had come at dawn and pulled the rope, listening to the peal of the bell within. Two Catholic nuns, both Chinese, had opened the door. When the taller one, who took him in at a glance, had inquired of him pertinently: "What thing?" he had shoved a bundle containing a day-old infant into her arms much as he would have presented her with a stick of sugar cane.

"One piece baby," he had said literally. His hands now being free, he had rewound his pigtail tighter about his head, scratched the inside of his ear with a long curved fingernail and added as an afterthought: "I lay by the creek to sleep; there was no baby. I finished my sleep; there was one baby. It makes plenty noise. I give it to you."

"The baby will be baptized at once, so you have saved a soul," the smaller nun had said, and handled the infant with reverence. "It might die very soon — it will have the holy baptism and go to God."

The tall nun, who had years of experience, had handled it with common sense. "It might be a boy," she had said calmly. "Then it must go to the Fathers' orphanage, but now we must feed it. It will not die."

"I looked at it properly," the wheelbarrow coolie had answered simply; "it is a girl, so it is of no use. It had been thrown away—" but the nuns had disappeared and the door was shut. The coolie had felt frustrated, as though he had given much without receiving anything in return. As he had nothing to do and nowhere to go, he had settled himself for a squat on the dewy flagstones. A chapel bell had sounded quite near him within the convent walls, followed by voices of the nuns singing an after-Mass hymn. Then an aged French Jesuit priest had come out of the convent door and passed through the gateway. The coolie had squinted at the sky — it was a fine morning, but he had not eaten for many hours. He grunted, deciding to follow the priest and try to cajole him into becoming a passenger for the wheelbarrow. At that moment, however, the two nuns had reappeared, the tall one carrying a bowl of rice and omelette.

"Eat," she had said shortly. The coolie had eaten, even forgetting to squat for greater comfort. The small nun had held an oleograph.

"It is for you," she had said. "You saved a soul; Jesus of the Sacred Heart will bless you."

"Heh," the coolie had agreed amiably without the slightest idea of what she was talking about. Pushing the empty bowl toward her he had examined the young, bearded face of the oleograph, the nail-pierced hand upheld in blessing, the thorn-wreathed heart issuing flame.

"You did an act of merit; you will have good luck," the tall nun had explained. She was of the people; she never talked Catholic language to wheelbarrow coolies. The coolie had said nothing. He had brought the child to the convent because he thought it liked collecting abandoned infants. Why else did it have so many? The praise had been unexpected, yet he had felt flattered and pleased.

The oleograph had not brought him any luck till the bitterly cold Chinese New Year that winter when he was given food for three consecutive days in Shanghai, distributed at the ricksha coolies' fund. Organized yearly by the *North China Daily News*, this was contributed mostly by European subscribers. Indeed, he had had great luck, for while numerous corpses of coolies frozen to death were being found every day he had been able to afford shelter in the village of Zi-Ka-Wei near the convent, and this had given him an opportunity to unpack his bundle. A pair of wooden chopsticks and a white-and-blue glazed bowl, a very threadbare towel now always gray, a piece of oilskin, and a heavy, padded blue quilt were the sum of his necessities, though he had other possessions more cherished.

Above his plank bed he had hung his two red-paper scrolls with good-luck characters and next to them two colored pages out of *Vogue* — a buxom housewife before a washing machine and a streamline motorcar with a beautiful blonde behind it — Body by Fisher. To his statue of the Protector of Hearths riding a celestial horse he had given a place of honor on the window sill, there being no stove and therefore no alcove for the kitchen god in the tiny shed. His small assortment of other gods he had placed on either side of this all-important New Year's deity. The oleograph he had pinned onto the parchment paper which served as windowpane. At this collection he had gazed with pride and he burned red candles and perfumed incense before it to propitiate the evil spirits. And he had been happy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But his luck had not lasted. That March had been a continuous drizzle, and he now wondered again whether he should go back. . . .

II

ONE MORNING, as he squatted huddled up, the transparent yellow oilskin round his shoulders, his wheelbarrow reclining against the convent wall, the two nuns came out into the little courtyard, accompanied by the aged French priest and several nuns of various nationalities. Seeing that the Chinese nuns held bundles, the coolie rushed forward.

"You are going to the village, I know. The roads and the creeks are all same — all water. Sit on my wheelbarrow, I will push you; zia-zia-noung, zia-zia-noung — please . . . ," he begged, his face creased into anxious wrinkles.

"We are going across to Jessfield to the wide creek, by way of Haig Lu. It is a long way."

"I can do it, I can do it, try me," the coolie begged. "I will not ask many coppers, you are nuns, I know you have no money."

A small sum was agreed upon, and half an hour later he was wading, now through puddles, now through slush, balancing and pushing, the one large wheel of the barrow spraying dirt and water on his bare legs and on the nuns' black gowns and neat white-calico stockings. They sat under their umbrellas on narrow planks, one on either side of the protruding wheel, with their bundles of bedding and their open bamboo baskets containing the rest of their belongings. The small nun's face showed fervent joy. The ambition of her religious life was about to be fulfilled; she was on her way to form a parish in the heart of China by the order of the Jesuit Society.

"What side you going?" the coolie inquired amiably, if somewhat breathlessly.

"Long way," said the tall nun. "The Province of Hupeh."

The coolie stopped so abruptly that the wheelbarrow nearly overturned into the creek.

"What thing?" she cried sharply. "You saw the ghost of your forefather, yes? Tong sing — take care! or you will see the water devil."

Addressing her as Hou-Zah Mou-Mou — the Fire Mother (for did she not breathe fire whenever she opened her mouth?), the coolie bade her to wait and disappeared into the village. The nuns, left stranded on a narrow, two-ab stone bridge, did not dare get off ıe wheelbarrow for fear of overbalanc-g it. When the coolie returned, he rried his bundle, which he covered th his oilskin, and pushed along.

The look of exalted joy was still on the little nun's face. She felt this was only the beginning of difficulties to overcome, but Hou-Zah Mou-Mou was stormy. She began by telling the coolie that he was not fit to push a wheelbarrow and finished with an observation that she was committing the sin of anger on his account. Turning her head away from him, she began reciting the rosary aloud, in Chinese.

The coolie was completely unmoved.

"I come with you," he said simply.

Presently he halted for a rest, panting for breath, the sweat on his face mingling with the drops of rain, and opened a chatty investigation into the reason for the nuns' journey. He listened earnestly to the little nun's explanation and turned it over and over in his mind as he padded on in the rain. When at last they reached Soochow Creek, he informed the *laudah* of the houseboat on which they were to travel:

"I go as friend with the two virgins."

"He comes as coolie," Hou-Zah Mou-Mou interrupted calmly. "He must help on the boat."

"They are dedicated to their gods," the coolie continued as though she had not spoken. "They come upcountry to look for souls."

"Ghost souls?" the *laudah* asked with curiosity.

"Heh," the coolie nodded, feeling important, and brought the wheelbarrow on board. He put it against a network sack of water chestnuts beside the *laudah's* shrine and next to his European straw hat. It nearly blocked the entrance to the two tiny cabins where the *laudah* lived with his family. Having made his wheelbarrow comfortable, the coolie then produced the oleograph from his bundle.

"This heart has magic," he said to the boatman. "For that reason it has fire, for that reason the foreign man has it outside his gown. By means of this heart the two virgins catch souls." Feeling the explanation lacked precision, he added: "They catch them at midnight." As the nuns were in their cabin, there was no one to contradict him.

"Look-see the magic?" He pointed at the gold radiation.

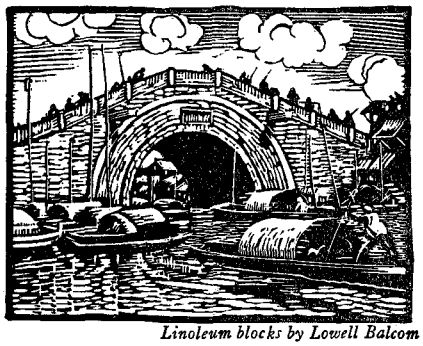
The *laudah* and his family were very much impressed. The coolie gained face. He was even allowed to help the *laudah's* wife tie her two-year-old son to the mast for safety, before she began cooking for the nuns.

It rained. The *laudah*, a bronzed, hard-bitten man, rowed, maneuvering past sampans, junks, launches, and showed no emotion when the usual insults were shouted at him by the water people. But the coolie would have none of it.

"You walla-walla, walla-walla! — talk, talk, talk, talk. All words without nervous strength!" he yelled back with great contempt. For he felt he now belonged to the houseboat.

Twenty-four hours later it still rained. Even the water people seemed to lose zest; vociferations were less frequent. And it rained all the way to Nanking.

There the nuns went in search of a certain Chinese steamship company the director-owner of which was a



Linoleum blocks by Lowell Balcom

Catholic. Not only had he arranged with the *laudah* to bring them to Nanking but he was also giving them free passage as far as Hankow on one of his steamers.

"What thing will you do now?" Hou-Zah Mou-Mou asked the coolie.

"I go with you," he said placidly. Hou-Zah Mou-Mou looked resigned.

The Chinese clerk at the office was eager to please the nuns. As there were already three hundred remunerative coolie passengers on board, one nonpaying coolie would not bankrupt the firm.

There was no room to lie down anywhere on the lower deck, and it was warm with the warmth of human flesh in close contact. The coolie would not part from his wheelbarrow. He huddled against it patiently by day and he slept alongside it by night, while the others smoked opium, gambled, quarreled, and yelled, never looking at the yellow waters of the Yangtze flowing past in eternal peace. Two kidnapers excited some curiosity. A chain around their necks was connected with the chain about their wrists. Their ankles chained to a hook in the deck boards, they sat defiant and grim on tins of kerosene oil. The cargo of kerosene was for upcountry Szechwan. The kidnapers were for a general "north of Hankow," who wanted to use them as examples. When four days later they were led off along the Hankow Bund to be decapitated, the coolie condoled over them.

"Bad joss," he said to an old peasant woman who had just disembarked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Heh!" she sympathized also, for what could be worse luck than to be compelled to go into the next world headless?

Looking over his shoulder after the kidnapers and bumping into the jostling crowd on the quay, the coolie went in search of the nuns. Unusually quiet, he straightened his wheelbarrow so that they could sit on it. He was awed, for indeed a dreadful fate awaited the kidnapers — he had heard much about that general. In silence he pushed and balanced along the dusty road by the river's edge. And, though sweat streamed down his face and sharp stones cut his bare feet, he felt thankful and relieved — for he was alive.

Presently he was helping the nuns board the small junk which was to take them upcountry by way of the Three Rivers.

Junks, sampans, river craft of every sort were about them as they sailed upriver, and timber, timber everywhere. Timber on junks, timber on rafts, timber lying along the banks outside every small town and village they passed. There was sporadic shooting on the Yangtze between stray squads of soldiers along the shores and guards on steamers coming down from the Gorges or going up toward the Gorges. But the straw-hatted wood sawyers paid no attention to anything but their work. Their heaving "Hei-ho; hei-ho" mingled alike with the rat-tat-tat of machine guns and the everyday cries of water people, and sometimes it rose above the hammering of carpenters.

Carpenters bent over tables with turned-up legs; families planed wood outside their open doors; planks of wood were scattered everywhere; some youngsters carried a newly varnished coffin. Coffins were lucrative where machine-gun fire was frequent. Even the wheelbarrow coolie felt a little nervous as he contemplated a pile of them on the river bank.

Born on a sampan, Hou-Zah Mou-Mou felt at home. She sat near a mast, calmly reading a Chinese prayer book. She was a pioneer of long standing; she knew what to expect. Distant machine guns did not affect her; she had once been under direct fire. Besides, she had no nerves. But the little nun, a child of an illustrious Chinese family, brought up at the convent in strict seclusion, did not know the world. This was her first post. Though there was a startled look in her eyes now, the beads of her black rosary slipped regularly one by one under her fingers.

When a machine gun rat-tat-tatted unexpectedly quite near, the coolie offered her the protection of his wheelbarrow: "You are small — supposing you lie down underneath; more safe," he said anxiously.

The shooting soon grew faint with distance, and that night was quiet. The occasional braying of a mule, somewhere inland, traveled for miles. Toward the end of the next day the machine guns were too distant to be heard, and villages were smaller. The sun was strong, and the nuns now used their umbrellas as parasols. Two days later they left the junk for a houseboat which took them still further inland by way of creeks.

"Hi-ho; hai-ho; hi-ho; hai-ho!" the boatmen chanted monotonously, and with them chanted the coolie, helping pull the houseboat. A rope harness about his shoulders and under his arms, he strode cheerfully along the towpath, past mud huts huddled by the water's edge, past a fourteen-year-old silk twister who was earnestly rotating his large wheel made of many spools, past an age-old stone bridge on which loafers, urchins, and passers-by gathered to observe and comment upon the nuns.

"Hei-ho!" the coolie yelled cheerfully in reply to a shrill question. "The virgins go as offering for the God of War!" The crowd shouted gleeful appreciation of his sense of humor, whereupon the coolie fell behind the other boatmen to escape an explanation to Hou-Zah Mou-Mou. Their pontoon-shaped boat glided under the bridge and traveled onward over waters which cut and recut the endless water meadows. At night they tied alongside other craft for protection against bandits and stray soldiers and continued the journey each day just before dawn.

"Hi-ho; hai-ho; hi-ho; hai-ho!" The chant traveled far in the lucid stillness of the air. The boat slid smoothly over yellow waters.

III

THEY ARRIVED at the last town on their route one day toward evening. The little nun was anxious to hire sedan chairs at once to take them to the mission house which was midway between them and their destination, so she began asking the *laudah* about the road.

"To the northwest of the canal is a land route," he said. "But it is not safe — ghosts are numerous. You cannot go along it when the night is advanced."

"We do not fear ghosts," the little nun said gently.

"Heh," the coolie said to the boatmen, nodding his head. "She fears no ghost souls. She catches them by means of the magic heart." Still feeling his explanation lacked precision, he added, repeating the *laudah's* words, "When the night is advanced." For he could not understand exactly when the little nun caught her souls. It worried him.

Hou-Zah Mou-Mou looked at him with patient tolerance. "There are no ghosts on the land route, true." She spoke calmly. "God is good, but there are plenty bandits," and so settled the question. The *laudah* said nothing, for of course everyone took the bandits for granted.

"This is a town of such gay streets," the coolie said longingly, gazing beyond the towpath, beyond the cobbled alleyway which ran parallel to it. Beneath a fluted roof colored lanterns swayed above huge characters in white and black embossed on a gold-leafed board:

TEA PALACE OF WISDOM AND CHEER.

A theater. . . . Play-acting!

He squatted on the polished brown boards of the deck and he got out all the money he possessed, which he kept next to his stomach in a purse sewn to his trousers. He counted it and felt very sad. There were just thirteen coppers and only five cash, strung on a twine long enough to dangle a hundred — he had always been an optimist. Then he grunted and felt philosophically resigned.

Ten minutes later he was buying dried watermelon seeds from a street vender outside the theater and exchanging amiable chitchat with a ricksha coolie. And presently he was sitting inside. A youth, face distorted into the ferocity of a war deity by clownlike make-up, was astride a stick topped by an unnatural head of a pony. He gamboled across the stage and yelled, to demonstrate how a certain warrior of a bygone age rode to battle.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" the coolie repeated loudly, in heartfelt appreciation of the actor, and crackled the watermelon seeds between strong white teeth. He returned after midnight. Though there was now only one cash left on his string and there were no coppers, he fell asleep happily beside his wheelbarrow.

Two four-bearer sedan chairs arrived for the nuns at sunrise, and the long cross-country tramp began. The coolie kept good pace behind the bearers. He cheerily wielded his wheelbarrow, now burdened with his own bundle only, and he shouted greetings to the farmers who toiled ankle-deep in water in their rice fields.

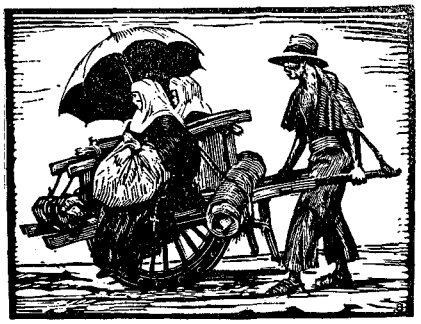
The bearers stopped at wayside inns at regular intervals. They sat under the shed on narrow benches, mopping the sweat off their backs with wet towels, and drank their cold tea in silence keeping their breath for their work. But the coolie had energy. He was excited. He was beginning to recognize the countryside. He disclosed his good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natured opinions of the hens which got under everybody's feet, of the ducks which sat on the stone steps in his way and he talked to anyone who would listen.

"I leave the virgins at half way, I am going to my native village of Chichifoo," he said. Only some transport workers who were grooming their pack mules listened to him. They looked puzzled but said nothing.

Soon the bearers were following a track over low hills where farmers cultivated their soil on terraces propped up



by stones. Suddenly the coolie stopped. He left his wheelbarrow on the winding track and, walking over to a grove of rustling bamboos, he patted a young hollow-jointed stem, his weatherbeaten face brightened by the joy of coming into familiar country.

Now they were crossing poppy fields — poppies, poppies everywhere, and beyond them shone the whitewashed walls round the mission house. When the nuns disappeared through an oval doorway, the coolie squatted by his wheelbarrow. Later an old Chinese nun brought food, and he ate with the bearers. The Shanghai nuns would sleep at the mission that night, the old nun said; the bearers, in the village. The coolie felt left out.

He was still nervously elated. He squinted at the sky — the sun was low in the west. He would go to his native village. Collecting the bowls with the remains of food, he emptied each into an old tin. The bearers did not object. A few minutes later the curved roof of glazed tiles of the mission house was behind him, and soon it was only a patch of royal blue against the background of poppy fields.

IV

THAT NIGHT he settled at the foot of a grave mound by a pond, where two dogs squatted nearby, staring at him solemnly, their shadows distorted by a full moon. He rolled himself up in his quilt and passed a hand over some flowering underbrush. He felt one with the soil . . . for was he not near his native land? A quiet happiness came to him as he listened to the rustling bamboos on the grave mound.

Next day, keeping always to the west and chanting a cheerful "hei-ho; hee-ho," he came to the main road, on which passed a scattered, never-ending procession. Peasants rode on wheelbarrows, their belongings piled up round them; peasants tramped barefooted, bareheaded, carrying their belongings. A pregnant woman rode in a ricksha, an empty porcelain brazier between her feet. Behind her, one hand grasping the ricksha hood, her sick husband half walked, half dragged himself. An old woman drove a reluctant goat before her.

"Ayia-ayia," she wailed, and recited an unintelligible tale of woe. Two young women grimly carried between them a nonreversible baby basket with two infants, two ducks, and two hens — each making the noise of his species. The coolie was puzzled, yet in the depth of his soul was the knowledge of the ages of a persecuted people.

"What thing?" he asked all and sundry.

"Bandits," an aged headman said simply. Bandits. . . . The coolie stopped, squatted by his wheelbarrow, stared in front of him, rewound his pigtail, scratched his head, unbuttoned his jacket, and on his bare bosom caught a flea, which he killed very solemnly between two long fingernails. Then he got up and continued his journey.

Bandits! But he did not know these peasants; they were not from his native village. There was still hope. But the muscles of his legs were no longer taut, and he did not chant as he plodded along.

When he did reach the medieval wall of his native village, it lay in ruins before him. Above it screeched and quarreled black crows; beneath it the decomposing corpse of an ancient gatekeeper exuded stench. Where the huts had once stood were scattered stones and broken tiles. A smoked pillar leaned against a nude tree in the middle of the smooth plot of ground where the coolie had once thrashed grain; he stumbled on a knife and badly cut his bare foot. He sat down where he was, which was near the corpse of a bitch, and as he sat he swayed. He was one of a homeless people suffering patiently throughout the ages. It was evening before he moved again. He got up slowly, picked up his bundle, and righted his wheelbarrow.

Scattered along the main route, the unvarnished, unburied, pauperlike coffins caught the late-afternoon sun. But the coolie walked on and on and on with tired, dragging steps. When night came and he could no longer see the way, he stopped and wheeled his barrow off the road. He huddled beside it and throughout the night he kept one hand on its gnarled plank, deriving consolation from the much weathered wood.

At sunrise he continued his tramp. He was now growing weak from lack of food, but a ruddy-cheeked peasant wheelbarrow coolie, who was fleeing his own village, gave him some. They squatted side by side in a friendly fashion. Presently he continued his journey toward the town where he might find the two nuns. When he reached it, he collapsed at the southeast gate. A jovial Buddhist gatekeeper, known for li around as Siao-fou — the Laughing Buddha came across him.

"Hei-ho!" the gatekeeper said very cheerily. With one hand he was holding firewood across his fat shoulder and in the other a short, fat rosary, a bamboo flute, and a stick of sugar cane. Even so, he managed to tuck up his voluminous white pants without dropping anything, before he squatted by the coolie.

Three days later he again said: "Hei-ho!" just as cheerily, his head a shaven globe under the midday sky.

"My humble ailment is better," the coolie said gratefully. He was now strong enough to walk over the granite slabs which paved Buddha's courtyard.

"Excellent," said Buddha, exuding greasy good will. They squatted with their rice and turnips, the long rosary which ornamented the fat, naked bosom of the Buddha tinkling against his porcelain bowl.

"You follow the Way?" he asked with good-humored curiosity, for even ignorant wheelbarrow coolies could follow the Way and gain merit.

"Heh," said the coolie, to whom the Way meant one thing only — the road. And did he not follow the road?

The matter of the Way being disposed of, Buddha said: "I have located your virgins. Already they are well known. They know many tales of valor; I like tales of valor. These virgins are better than itinerant storytellers."

He took the coolie to the nuns himself. He sat on the wheelbarrow and he allowed himself to be wheeled through age-old alleyways between age-old stone dwellings. When the villagers assailed him with raillery for using so humble a vehicle, he joked in return. But when a pig dealer known for his cruelty to his animals shouted: "Buddha the enlightened rides a wheelbarrow to Nirvana," the gatekeeper answered: "And the pig dealer rides a black pig to the Halls of Hell."

They found the nuns in a mud hut by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the canal, on the outskirts of the town.

"I come back," the coolie said simply, mopping up his face.

"Ho," said Hou-Zah Mou-Mou, who had heard the story from the gatekeeper.

That night the coolie covered his wheelbarrow with his oilskin; he felt it needed protection against the dew; he thought it felt the cold. Then he wrapped his quilt about him and lay on the earthen floor of the kitchen outside the nuns' room.

V

He became part of their household. At dawn he pushed and balanced them through still, deserted streets the long, long way to the church which the nuns attended for Mass when the missionary priest happened to be visiting the town. While they knelt within, he waited outside. On his return he cleaned their two-roomed hut, for after breakfast it became a school. He did their shopping. Squatting with others in a circle in the market place he would bargain. He would watch intently a small arm balance, suspended by two pieces of string from the vender's little finger, and he would nearly always manage to squeeze an extra turnip for the nuns. Only after solemnly counting so many cash off his twine in payment would he begin recounting to the eagerly curious villagers the nuns' doings of the previous day.

"They catch souls by means of incantations now," he once said, having heard their prayers. "Only, souls do not come. I know. I saw no souls, only the virgins." He had made a small hole in their door and he often got up at all hours of the night and watched.

"Maybe their dwelling is not lucky for souls," a sympathetic listener suggested.

The coolie pondered upon this for two days. Then he went to a certain shop and bought good-luck characters with the nuns' money. Having pasted them above the door to their room, behind the curtains of their beds, and above their window, he felt very hopeful; the nuns were sure to have better luck. To his dumb distress Hou-Zah Mou-Mou got up on the only chair in the hut and washed the red patches of paper off.

"It is devil practice," she said, "there is no truth in it."

"We must teach him the truth," said the small nun, and with the enthusiasm of youth and absolute faith she put him in her school.

There he would sit on the kitchen doorstep, behind the three rows of unwanted children, orphans, and infants whose mothers looked upon the nuns in the light of unpaid nursemaids. With them he would chant the answers to catechism questions and litanies. As he possessed an unclotted mind, he memorized with rapidity. Hou-Zah Mou-Mou bore with him, as it began to seem there would be no other adult converts.

He became an ardent hunter of would-be Christians. It was his translation of the aims and meaning of the doctrine which brought the curious peasants crowding to the kitchen door. They were anxious to see joss magic performed and waited for Big Brother Jesus to come and float in the air, rising to the ceiling. One of them even brought a very stale, smelly fish in the hope that the nuns would turn it into something more edible.

When one night the coolie came upon a four-year-old child crouching in an alleyway, a frantic thing with emaciated body and ghastly face, he dragged her to the hut. The virgins collected children; they would be pleased with him. As he pushed the child into the kitchen she bit his hand; he locked her in.

"What thing?" Hou-Zah Mou-Mou asked him sternly.

"One new Christian," he said, sucking his hand.

The child glared at them with fear and hatred, but at the sight of food she forgot everything else and devoured it. When she was sufficiently tamed, Hou-Zah Mou-Mou put her to bed on their table and two days later bought her from a laborer's wife, to whom she had been sold by her father's concubine a few hours before the coolie found her. The coolie, much in his element, did the bargaining, reducing the laborer's demand of fifteen dollars to three.

Within a fortnight the child, now called Ma-lee, was helping in the school and giving orders to the coolie.

One day when she was watching him dig potatoes a joss man came and gazed at her curiously. She shrieked and fled into the kitchen.

"Catch him!" shouted Hou-Zah Mou-Mou, who was perched on the top step of a ladder, whitewashing the hut.

The coolie gave chase. The joss man broke into a trot. He ran along the canal and he yelled: "Save life! Save life!" The brass talismans round his withered neck clinked; the brass disks he carried to invoke noise clanged; a bottle dropped and broke upon a stone, spilling dark contents. He looked at it ruefully as he ran, for it was a precio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

medicine made according to the practice of his forefathers — blood taken from a live pig added to a stew of bitter herbs, first boiled for hours in the night following the full moon, then mixed before a shrine of Chang-Sien, protector of the children, while cymbals were struck to keep the evil spirits out of it.

He ran faster, but the coolie, followed by ever curious neighbors, gained and grabbed; together they rolled along the dusty path to the edge of the canal. The coolie kicked with his feet and punched with his fists to the beating of the joss man's cymbals, which an urchin had picked up.

"Save life! Save life!" the joss man shrieked, more in terror than in pain.

The crowd jeered, for he was well known and feared by all. Many had died under his treatment, and many felt they had been swindled by him. The family of the child, Ma-lee — in fact, Ma-lee herself — had been his most recent victims. He had gone to them when her mother died at her birth and had made the necessary incantation, opening an umbrella over the grave of the cursed woman to hide her hideousness and shame from the eyes of heaven. When later, however, the first-born male child of Ma-lee's father's concubine became ill, the joss man had said that the curse still lived in Ma-lee and the boy could be saved only if the evil spirit in her were exorcised. Accordingly she had been locked in a dark room for three months while he gave her the precious medicine daily, yet the male child had died. Only then was she released, half demented. The joss man, to save his face, had pointed to her.

"Look, see. The evil spirit is now visible. No man could have chased it out. She is a permanent dwelling." When he had suggested that she be given away — "if she stays here no male child will live" — no one had objected.

The coolie was now avenging Ma-lee, but he became tired. He tore from his own neck a Catholic medal and hooked it on the joss man's coat button. To the furious coolie a talisman that blessed became a talisman that cursed, by virtue of power innate in his own rage, and indeed the joss man felt doomed when he discovered it an hour later in the solitude of his own hovel.

The coolie wore the halo of a hero for several days. On one afternoon at the market place he even boasted with certain amount of humility, his face half buried in a huge slice of melon donated by Buddha, who squatted beside him laughing and exuding goodwill, repeating at frequent intervals: "How stupid of that joss man!"

VI

BUDDHA CAME often to the village streets to laugh at the antics of itinerant acrobats, at the endless yarns spun out by street storytellers, at housewives who shrieked their troubles to the world at large and so were called "revile-the-streets." Sometimes he even came on business.

When one October morning he desired a letter to be composed to an officer of the local general and the street letter writer could not be found, he came to the nuns. Hou-Zah Mou-Mou knew no characters, but the small nun did and wrote the letter on the kitchen table, to Buddha's dictation.

Trouble with bandits again. . . . The bandit headman had sent a go-between to Buddha. He wanted the bandits' portion of the taxes. The payments were in arrears. Also he demanded their share of the opium crop.

"Winter months are long months in the hills without black rice!" Buddha said cheerfully, stamping the letter with his official chop. In order that the authenticity of the document be indisputable, he also chopped it with his private seal of Siao-fou — the Laughing Buddha.

The coolie gazed at him with respect and pride as well as affection. His friend the gatekeeper knew officials . . . yet he was also his friend. He began to feel a doubt, however, when no longer reassured by Buddha's genial presence, for was not the official Buddha knew in the service of "the General north of Hankow"?

As he cleaned his wheelbarrow, he pondered. He feared officials — all generals. They beheaded kidnapers — coolies like himself. And this talk of bandits . . . his native village — the corpse of the gatekeeper. Buddha was a gatekeeper.

In his dread — of bandits, of officials — in his concern for the safety of Buddha, he so drenched his wheelbarrow that he even sprayed Hou-Zah Mou-Mou's voluminous black skirts, partly tucked up about her waist as she spaded the earth between the hut and the canal towpath, planting for the next spring.

"What thing?" she inquired.

"Water," he said, suddenly feeling very meek. Hou-Zah Mou-Mou contemplated him with tolerant resignation, then turned back to her work.

Late that autumn he went to before-the-baptismal general confession. He could think of no sin that he could possibly have committed during his pagan life and knelt at the confessional in a long silence. The priest helped him, but he denied all sin, going into winding explanations to justify everything.

One morning at dawn the coolie appeared at Buddha's stone hut. In a new long gown of royal blue, with a bow of white-satin ribbon tied on his arm — garments donated by a rich Catholic dowager — he was ready for his first Communion. He stood with modest pride before Buddha, who was still in bed. The flame under the opium lamp smoked the previous night was still burning weakly; the charcoal in the brazier which stood in the middle of the earthen floor was still giving out both warmth and fumes.

"I shall worship the God of the virgins, in the manner of the virgins," he said to Buddha. "The virgins are good, so their God is good."

"Hei," Buddha agreed amiably, yawning fatly, "every Way with doctrine that teaches good is a good Way." And sitting up he reached for a Buddhist rosary which hung on a nail above his bamboo-plank bed.

This rosary of fat, carved wooden beads he gave to his friend, the wheelbarrow coolie, who said, by way of taking his leave: "Now I go to eat the virgins' God" — for had they not spent much time telling him that he must swallow the sacrament wafer with the greatest care because it was God?

On his way to the church, as he balanced and pushed the nuns on his wheelbarrow, a wedding procession blocked the road near a pagoda. A wealthy bride was being carried to her new home in a red sedan chair which was shrouded in heavily embroidered red silk and so tightly shut that holes had to be bored through the wood for ventilation. In front marched a brass band, which gave an original rendering of Chopin's funeral march with the further aid of bamboo flutes and joss men's drums. The musicians' tawdry robes of gold and red brushed past the coolie, who stood open-mouthed, engrossed in the spectacle — an auspicious sign, he felt. As Hou-Zah Mou-Mou grew impatient, he turned very regretfully into the church street.

On his return to the kitchen he unpacked his household goods and lit perfumed-incense joss sticks before them, not forgetting a crucifix given him by the priest. The Buddhist rosary he hung in the manner of Buddha on a nail under the oleograph. He was happy until the nuns came back and ordered him to take his "devils" away. He put his gods back into his bundle. Then he went out, still wearing his first Communion gown and white-satin bow, squatted by his wheelbarrow, and fixed his gaze sadly on the canal.

Concluded next month

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Forty Poetry Books

(Continued)

Modern American Poetry, *A Critical Anthology*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, fifth revised edition (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50).

This is a grand book, the best of all handbooks of contemporary verse. Mr. Untermeyer begins with Whitman and Dickinson and carries through the imagists and symbolists to Eliot, Cummings, and Gregory. Adequate biographical paragraphs and frank explanation of every caprice of modern experimentation in verse.

Modern British Poetry, *A Critical Anthology*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, fifth revised edition (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50).

Gerard Manley Hopkins, Auden and Spender and all the galaxy of British modernists in verse become easily legible and attractive in Mr. Untermeyer's wise selection and unprejudiced interpretation.

The New Book of English Verse, edited by Charles Williams (Macmillan, $3.00).

Eight hundred pages of good verse from King Knut to Gerard Hopkins, not duplicated in the *Golden Treasury* or the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

Columbia Poetry 1935 (Columbia University Press, $1.00).

Unpretentious and mature for college verse.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1935 (Poetry Digest Association, $4.00).

This is the first of a projected annual edition by Alan F. Pater. It is a catholic selection, and accompanied by several useful bibliographies. The general trend of all this magazine verse is vibrant, upward, onward, unvexed by experiment or depression.

Cirrus from the West, by Paul Southworth Bliss (Lakeside, $1.50).

More arresting as regional verse than any of the State anthologies are the North Dakota nature lyrics of Paul Southworth Bliss. These verses are clusters of expressive adjectives, silhouetted against a lovely western atmosphere.

Toward Dancing Stars

***by* E. MERRILL ROOT**

Those who would write or even read poetry should first understand the psychology of its genesis. If we are to have poets or those "great audiences" which Whitman said are necessary to poets, we need a knowledge of the mind whence is born the dancing star that is poetry.

I believe, myself, that the beginning of poetry is a mind that is awake and aware. But the poet's awareness is so opposite to the worldly alertness of the man of action that we must thoroughly understand what it means for a poet to be alive and conscious.

What does it mean? Not biological alertness in acquisition, escape, or combat! That sort of alertness inhibits consciousness like an anesthetic: it is indeed a kind of ether, putting the poetic consciousness to sleep, so that action may flick out like a knife. Poetic consciousness is the opposite of biological consciousness: for it is not a technique of promoting life but itself the art of the justification of living. It is a slow, savoring, lazy consciousness, vitally passive like a water lily splendid in sunlight. It is life's flow back upon itself, an intensification by arrest, a cessation of movement, and a heightening of significance. Frost suggests it in his great simile from *West Running Brook:*

Not just a swerving, but a throwing back,
As if regret were in it and were sacred.
It has this throwing backward on itself
So that the fall of most of it is always
Raising a little, sending up a little.

Life pauses, collects its depth, floods itself with memory and love, deflects itself from the end and toward the source, spreads over the experience in sensuous ecstasy. Life stirs with delicate delight like a sun-basking tree; tastes reality like a dog sniffing the fragrance of a spring night; cushions itself in the billowy drowse of living like a surf bather; relishes events as an old-fashioned horse trader enjoyed the details of a deal; makes even tragedy the "passionate despair and builded desolation" of a *City of Dreadful Night.* (The poet dwells even upon his own body left hanging to rot, as Villon did, with love: "The rain has washed and laundered us all five.") To poetry the "useless" tasting of experience is better than all "use," because it is the event born into consciousness. Unlike biological alertness, which narrows and hardens consciousness into a tool or weapon, poetic awareness widens the world into a stage where life — a conscious spectator of itself — regards a drama in which it enacts itself for the pastime of eternity.

II

Does poetry, then, *advance* thought? In the usual sense, no: in spite of piercing insights, poetry is not essentially the forward-cutting edge of thought but a richer incarnation of thought into concrete reality. Poetry does not depend upon the value of the thought — whether it be a thought long held or the discovery of a thought hovering, a star, upon the human horizon. Poetry results when the poet is conscious and makes us conscious of whatever thought he experiences, so that the word becomes incarnate as splendid flesh. Experience must in poetry be lived into a new creation, a thing that breathes and has bodily heat, tangible in flesh that would bleed if you cut it.

This is why so much contemporary poetry seems thin, brittle, bloodless: it depends upon novelty — some new facet of consciousness, some freakishness of punctuation, some dot over the ego, some startling reversal of intellectual standpoint, some private world, some resolute occultation of esoteric consciousness shut in a chandelier of fog to dazzle the exoteric. The direction is antipoetic — toward a consciousness alien, hostile, that can result only in poetic dementia praecox.

Poetry, on the other hand, is a fruit which ripens from blossoms that have had their long spring and summer in love and memory. American democracy required nearly a century to culminat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLECTED POEMS OF

T. S. Eliot

Here, in a definitive and impressive single volume, is the collected work of one of the most important poets of our time. It contains all the verse in "Poems: 1909–1925" including "The Waste Land," and a section of equal length which represents Mr. Eliot's recent work, including his mature experiments in dramatic verse. The volume makes available what has previously appeared in various small books.

220 pages, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., New York

Next Month's

POETRY PAGE

feature

WILL BE

MARIANNE MORE:

AN APPRECIATION

by

May Lewis

Toward Dancing Stars

in *Leaves of Grass*. The thinker, like Columbus, discovers the America of a new idea; but, as America had to be created by men who made it a home, an anguish and love, a landscape and workshop and playground, thus *living it into being*, so must the poet create the climate and life of any idea. Einstein discovers a new world; poetry will someday acclimatize us to it. And poetry finds that new world and realizes it for us only by freedom and spontaneity.

III

THUS ALL absolute states, totalitarian or proletarian, in spite of a desire to foster (and exploit) art, blunder into becoming archenemies of the poet. They expect poetry to take the "party line" — which is like asking a rosebush to blossom into blue Teddy bears. All states, especially in revolutionary crises, exist by biological alertness: they will never liberate consciousness to a sunshine holiday; they fix it as a lever on the fulcrum of desired action; they supply Pegasus with blinkers so that he can see only the proper road. But in so doing they destroy the integral center of the poet's soul: the wild freedom of the incalculable heart. Poetry's only conviction is love: if a poet's love (or hate) makes him conscious of *any* experience he yearns to celebrate, he sings it whether or not it takes the "party line" — God helping him or not, he can do no otherwise. The poet is the eternal rebel (even against revolution), the eternal Huckleberry Finn, whom the tidy children of the world are forever chiding for his "gab and his loitering." Let them chide! — in the beginning was the Word; in the end will remain — the Word.

And, apart from the playboys of poetry or the too-solemn pedants of the totalitarian, the great tradition of poetry does remain. It remains in Robert Frost. Awake and aware as no one else has been in America since Whitman and Emily Dickinson, he touches the world with magic fingers.

And this is the easy as well as the royal road. It is the great American tradition — of Whitman, Melville, Thoreau, Mark Twain. It is the great human tradition — of Shakespeare, of Villon. For if all of us cannot be the Ph.D.'s of Parnassus, scholarly enough to supplement our poems with a thesis of notes, pedantic in occultation to the acme of thrice-polished phosphorus, we can all brood in memory — we can bask like appleblossoms in the sun — we can savor life like a rabbit twinkling its nose — we can love the calm, lean streamlined engine or the white cataracts of Midwestern lightning. Poetry is still possible, even today, if as writers and if as readers we become awake and aware.

Harrison Poetry

CABLES OF COBWEB
by FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

Elias Lieberman: "Miss Mastin is a veritable magician in conjuring moods. I should like to see Cables of Cobweb for purchase by school libraries." **Charlotte Dean, N. Y. Times:** "Her lyrics are delicate and charming, and the sonnets offer a contrasting ruggedness." **Sterling North, Chicago News:** "Her sense of lyric values is keen and her diction is distinguished." $1.50.

THESE YEARS PASSING
by CARLETON WINSTON

Pittsburgh Press: "A delightful book displaying power and feeling." **Kenneth Porter, Christian Register:** "Sets a high standard for the publisher to follow." $2.

PENCILLED HANDS
by H. NELSON HOOVEN

"The poet has mastered his medium. The poems delve among a variety of subjects, achieving lyric intensity in what may best be described as a search for underlying realities," **English Journal.** "Mr. Hooven reveals the subtle touch of an artist. Undiscovered worlds swim majestically before our vision, new worlds are born," **Kaleidograph.** $1.50.

I HAVE BEEN A PILGRIM
by JAMIE SEXTON HOLME

On the strength of this book, Mrs. Holme has been awarded an honorary degree by the University of Colorado. $1.50.

LUMINOUS TOKEN
by BERTHA WILLIAMS

Miss Williams has been awarded the first prize of $100 for the best lyric published in The Gypsy for 1935. From the West: "She possesses much of the charm of Sara Teasdale, but her work is richer in emotional profundity." Lucia Trent in the **Pasadena Star-News.** From the East: "The poems are possessed of a lyrical quality that is very marked . . . of beauty your mind strives to hold," **Boston Globe.** $1.50.

PENNY SHOW
by MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

This book, illustrated by Herbert Fouts, was chosen as one of the 50 best illustrated books of the year. Miss Davies' work has appeared in all of the popular magazines. $2.

HILLS AND VALLEYS
by LUCILE GRAHAM

A first book which captures the elusive spirit of seasonal loveliness. Miss Graham's poetry will meet with a wide audience. $1.50.

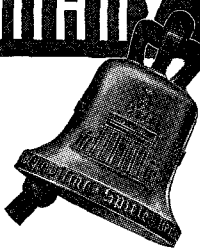
BAY BLOSSOMS
by EDITH L. FRASER

A first collection by a South Carolina poet which is already meeting with unstinted approval. Those of the light heart, the high mood, will revel in these sparkling poems. "Many of the poems are charming, and the spirit behind them all is fine and sincere," DuBose Heyward. "I find in the nature poems feeling and description ranking with Teasdale and the earlier Millay. There are poems comparable to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets," Archibald Rutledge. $1.50.

HENRY HARRISON, Poetry Publisher
430 Sixth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLYMPIC YEAR IS THE WORLD'S FESTIVE YEAR IN GERMANY



When the Olympic Bell calls the youth of the world to Germany, it summons as well lovers of art, music, the drama ...lovers of beauty and lovers of life.

For, this year, Germany plays the leading role in the itinerary of transatlantic travelers:

XIth OLYMPIC GAMES—in Berlin, August 1 to 16. The Olympic Regatta at Kiel.

MUSIC FESTIVALS—in Bayreuth and Munich. Concerts, operas, dance tournaments.

FOLK FESTIVALS—picturesque plays in medieval towns and dramatic historical presentations.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES—will mark new achievements in their various fields of endeavor.

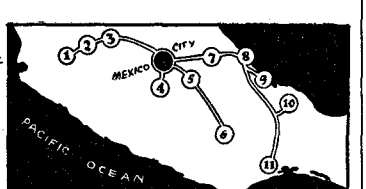
And in addition, Germany's eternal attractions, scenic beauty, famous health resorts. Railroad fares reduced 60%. Travel Marks help to lift the dollar's exchange value.

Write for booklet 12

GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION OFFICE

665 Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York

How to ESCAPE from SUMMER



Come in air-conditioned trains from your home town to Mexico City. Thence away for high adventure. Take your choice of . . .

TIERRA FRIA (cold country): *Uruapan* (1), *Lake Pátzcuaro* (2), and *Morelia* (3) are but overnight from Mexico City (see chart above). So is *Oaxaca* (6), where you will see the amazing *Monte Albán* and *Mitla* archeological zones, as well as the world's largest tree (reached via *Puebla*) (5). Overnight also are *Jalapa*, *Coatepec* and *Texolo Falls* (7), in the land of the orchid.

TIERRA TEMPLADA (semi-tropical): Sportsy *Tampico*, modern *Monterrey*, evergreen *Cordoba*, historic *Veracruz* (8), quaint *Alvarado* (9), primitive *Lake Catemaco* (10), and the glorious *Isthmus* of *Tehuantepec* (11) — haunt of that fabulous race of Amazons, the Tehuanas — for those who frankly love warm weather, white linens, and bathing suits. *Cuernavaca* (4) is but two hours from Mexico City.

Warm or cool, take your choice. Either is ESCAPE. And, oh, how you'll love it all!

If your travel agent does not know about these lovely places, write for free booklet "Overnight from Mexico City." *Handsome 7-color Pictorial Map of Mexico for only 10c stamps or coin.*

NATIONAL RAILWAYS *of* MEXICO

Alamo National Building San Antonio, Texas

Thrill to MEXICO'S Byways

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

THE STROLLING REPUBLICAN

To the Editor:

I agree with Mr. Stanley High ["A Republican Takes a Walk," May FORUM] that President Roosevelt deserves re-election. The author rests his case upon the conclusion that a direction for America to travel has been discovered and that the President and the Democratic Party are leading in that direction. With that conclusion I do not agree. It is too much for us to claim and it is not the most fortunate way to state our case.

Franklin Roosevelt has met the emergency effectively. But it was not within his power or the power of any single person to provide direction in so short a time. America hasn't yet decided the direction she wants to take, and until the majority of citizens have a clearer idea about direction the President won't do any national routing. He has shown every indication of preferring to wait. . . .

We can't afford to short circuit the democratic process. I don't imply that leadership isn't essential. Leadership has been applied, however, as it should have been, to decisions respecting separate and specific issues and not to finding direction. . . .

In the meantime we will retain Mr. Roosevelt. To restore the Republicans is to make the decision prematurely, because they are definite about direction — backward. . . .

. . . . . .

BROOKS HAYS

Democratic National Committeeman

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

It is distressing to realize that there are so many men of Mr. High's type who are willing to accept promises for performance and because of their belief in a man's sincerity to overlook the recklessness and folly of his acts and his disregard of the pledges he made to the people who voted for him. It is even more distressing to realize that persons who, like Mr. High, pride themselves on being "liberals" are so willing to question the motives of those who disagree with them on political matters. There are many of us economists who also pride ourselves on being liberals and who are bitterly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt and all that he stands for, because we believe that the program outlined by Mr. Roosevelt represents progress in a backward direction — back to the eighteenth-century concept of a state-controlled economy. We believe that if Mr. Roosevelt succeeds in carrying out his program it will mean a permanent lowering of the standard of living of the whole American people and an end to democracy in government. . . . This is not a question of reaction and vested interests against the people. It is a question of how best to promote the interests of the people. . . .

. . . . . .

RUFUS S. TUCKER

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

An Open Letter to Stanley High

Some of us have followed your writings and speeches over the last fifteen years. . . . We watch with interest your coming to the aid of Roosevelt in his attempt to give to the country a new deal. But some of us still have some questions about the New Deal, and now that you are a protagonist in the ranks we turn to you for assurance and counsel.

. . . In our opinion never did a party reveal itself more bankrupt of ideas or of leadership than the Republican of the present moment. And if the ultrarich keep up their blind and illogical attack upon the President he will be sent back with a larger majority than he had in 1932. . . . But we still have some questions about the direction in which the present administration is going.

We have no quarrel with the stated aims and principles of Mr. Roosevelt. The facts are we have been thrilled by him. . . .

We know that there has been an increase in production. Statistics prove that; and there has been an increase in profit taking by stockholders. In the face of that we can't understand the blind fury against Roosevelt by those whom he has helped. There has been a lessening of pressure upon many in debt. We know that some of the farmers have been helped, and —

We aren't afraid of the increase of the national debt. It's plain that when the resources of a country become so unequally divided that there is no credit available by which the mass of the people can buy its food and clothes there is only one thing to do; that is tax those who have and give to those who do not have. . . . And —

Contrary to the general notion, the increase of the national debt has not impoverished the country one single ear of corn. The only thing that impoverishes a country is to refuse to use its facilities to produce. . . . But here's our problem —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

We know that there has been a great increase in the number of those on relief in one form or another. . . . And —

We know from intimate contacts in the homes of those on relief and on work projects that they are not getting enough to keep them on a decent standard of living. . . . And it isn't only welfare and public-works workers who go without. All over the land the wage schedule is so low that many off relief are denied in the same manner. . . .

The farmers have been helped, we are told, and some of them have. But we have areas all over the country where farm workers live in the direst circumstances. . . .

Now, what we want to know is this: what can we expect from the Administration in relation to these problems? We know that as yet the Administration has been going in the wrong direction; it will have to turn around. As yet it has done nothing much that Hoover would not have been forced ultimately to do: feed the hungry — or else he would have had to turn the guns of the army upon the mobs on the streets of Washington.

We understand the difficulties which the President is up against, the petty hatreds, the illogical attacks, the bitter denunciation, but we want to know where he intends to go. For, if he does not intend to proceed more logically to a goal of abundance than some of us feel that he has been doing, we feel that we had better keep on doing what seems to some to be a perfectly futile thing: vote again for a third-party movement. But we'd like to back the President. If he'd enter the lists against his enemies in a logical way, with logical policies designed to use our resources for an adequate physical existence, we'd like to jump into the fight. But we don't want to be led into any more NRA parades, any more sham battles.

We know why the farm policy was adopted, cutting down production. We have heard Secretary Wallace explain it and we feel that he has better ideas in his head. We know he wanted to give the farmers a better advantage in their fight with the industrialists. But we also realize that it's enabled the farmers to proceed upon the same stupid policy that has ruled in industry, that is, to create a scarcity to make the price go up. . . .

We know that the old scarcity philosophy is out of date but we know that as yet the Administration has been proceeding upon it. . . .

Of course, we don't ask for it in one move. We are willing to allow time but we would like to have more assurance that the President is going in the right direction. If you, as one of the recently retired spokesmen, can assure us on this point, we'd like to enter the lists with the President, for he looks as though he could be a good fighter. But, if not, as much as we admire his spirit, we must part company. . . .

HUBERT N. DUKES
First Congregational Church
Jackson, Mich.

THE GOD OF HARLEM

To the Editor:

I am venturing to write my thanks for the article in the April number of THE FORUM, "Heaven Is in Harlem" [by Sutherland Denlinger]. . . .

I quote the last few words:

"'Well, Reverend,' said the Colonel, 'How close to Heaven did you get?'

"'I carry it with me,' replied the black man. . . ."

A few days ago I passed my ninety-seventh birthday — and at a luncheon given to me by the Tavern Club of Boston (of which I have been a member for something over fifty years) I read some verses, entitled *At Ninety-seven*.

I frankly agree with you that I am not a poet but I am sending to you a copy of my verses (printed by request) just to show that the "black man" and I got rather nearly together, the other day — when he said, "I carry it with me"!

HENRY MUNROE ROGERS
Harvard Club of Boston
Boston, Mass.

THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

To the Editor:

I consider the anniversary number of THE FORUM one of my priceless possessions. I keep it with my treasures and read and reread it with uncontrolled delight. My favorite minds illuminate its pages, and the sheer beauty of Mr. Einstein's and Miss Buck's articles opens new worlds to me. Such I take it, is the greatest value of literature. You are to be congratulated and thanked by admiring and grateful subscribers.

MARGARET I. LINDSAY
Washington, D. C.

OLD AND NEW

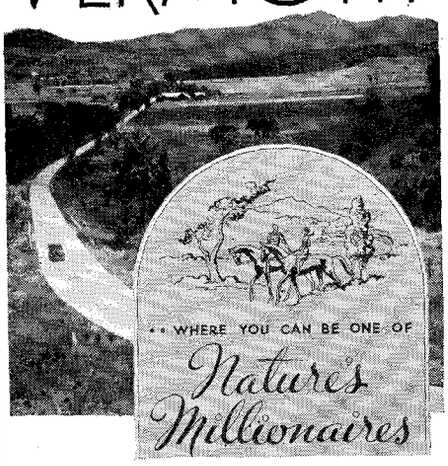
To the Editor:

. . . . . .

THE FORUM I am quite aware is not a new publication. In times past I have read it with avidity but have not been reading it lately. And the old FORUM, I notice, is not old but ever new. Old, yes, in experience and depth, but new, ever new, knowing no age. . . . Many intelligent people in this changing and would-be progressive age are neither radical or ultraconservative. The ordinary or average person is greatly confused and would gladly find . . . both sides being presented. . . . The new (new to me at this time) FORUM seems to meet this requirement. . . .

MRS. L. C. BRILES
Topeka, Kan.

VERMONT



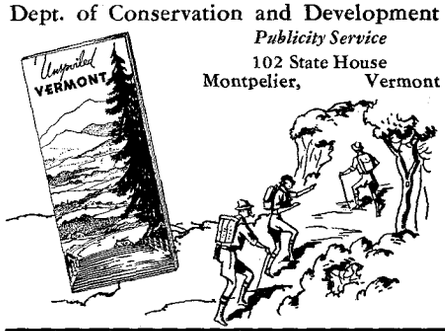
THE UNSPOILED VACATIONLAND VERMONT

THE land of Green Mountains beckons you to a complete new universe of cool and restful living — in a fairyland of greenery and grandeur. Historic shrines, lakes, streams and mountains — unspoiled and uncrowded valleys beribboned with splendid motor roads and dotted with clean New England villages. Country sports, superb golf and fishing, old-fashioned farmhouses; friendly inns and hotels in a pattern of quaintness and charm. For a brief visit or for a lazy summer of rest — come to Vermont. This new illustrated book, "Unspoiled Vermont" will help you plan. It's FREE.

LAND *of* SUMMER HOMES

Delightful low-cost summer-residence properties ready for "adoption." If interested, ask for "Vermont Summer Homes," by Dorothy Canfield. Free on request.

Dept. of Conservation and Development
Publicity Service
102 State House
Montpelier, Vermont



COMING IN JULY —

Poor Man's Court

BY

HARRY D. NIMS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906

FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN EIGHT PUBLICATIONS

OUR GROUP OF QUALITY MAGAZINES

Atlantic Monthly, Current History, The Forum, Harpers Magazine, Mid-Week Pictorial (2 issues), Nature Magazine, Review of Reviews and Scribner's Magazine

For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY

NEW YORK STATE

TELLS all about New York State's many and varied vacation possibilities. Packed with facts and 120 photographs of New York's mountains, lakes, beaches, farms and cities. A manual of sporting opportunities—fishing, golfing, hiking, camping, boating, canoeing, hunting. Contains special Vacation Budget Plan and guide to detailed information about transportation, hotels and camps.

New! Official! Free! Just send the coupon to the Bureau of State Publicity for your copy.

Visit the FREE New York State Exhibit in Grand Central Terminal, New York City, open daily.

SEND COUPON NOW

Bureau of State Publicity,
Conservation Department,
Lithgow Osborne, Commissioner,
Albany, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "VACATIONS FOR EVERYBODY" including a 1936 Budget Plan.

Name_____
(Please print)

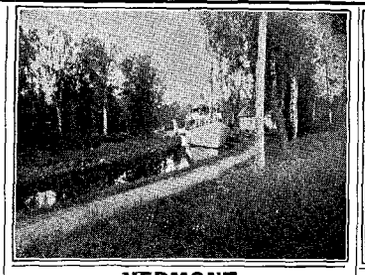
Address_____

City_____ State_____

HW

LAKE GEORGE America's Beauty Spot. Get leaflet 40 furnished cottages. Finest water-front location. Electricity, fireplaces, boats, plumbing. Season $250 to $800. Week $25 to $60. 2 to 9 sleeping rooms. References. L. V. O. STREVER, BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.

Always advertise as widely as you are able.



VERMONT

THOSE GORGEOUS GREEN MOUNTAINS

ASK

for new, handsomely-illustrated free booklet, "Unspoiled Vermont." A thrilling preview of your 1936 vacation-tour. Scores of eye-filling scenes such as greet you at every turn of the road in this land of mountains, lakes and valleys, gorgeous greenery and famous hospitality. Varied country fun for all the family—described in this free book. Write VERMONT PUBLICITY SERVICE, 47 STATE HOUSE, MONTPELIER, VT.

VERMONT

SHANTY SHANE A Summer Lodge For Families
Golf, Tennis, Water Sports, Good Cuisine. Booklet. Shanty Shane, Ely, Vermont.

CAMP SKYLAND SOUTH HERO, VT. On Lake Champlain Tenth Season.
Christian Camp for adults and families $16-$20 per week. M. K. Norton, Mgr.

MAINE

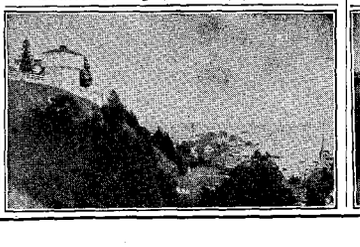
Hotel Hamilton and Cottages
HELEN W. CAMPBELL, Directing.
Ocean breezes assure cool days and restful nights. Golf, bathing, boating, fishing, dancing, tennis. Rates are moderate. Service & hospitality unexcelled.
CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE

RANGELEY LAKE HOTEL
RANGELEY LAKES, MAINE
Private $500,000 lakeside estate. Elevation 1600 feet. No hay fever. Fine golf course at door. All sports. Dancing, movies. References. From $6.00 per day with meals. Cottages. Fishing.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The BALSAMS DIXVILLE NOTCH, N.H.
No hay fever. Largest hotel estate in White Mts. Also cottages. 18-hole golf. From $6 daily with meals. Frank Doudera, Prop.

Where-To-Go advertising covers N. America—U. S. income taxpayers on $5,000 and over



NEWFOUNDLAND

COME TO THE LAND OF COOL, SALT BREEZES

NEWFOUNDLAND

YOU'LL find Nature at its best in this unspoiled Northland where summer breezes are always invigorating. Visit pastoral valleys, cathedral-like forests, and picturesque cliff-side villages. Fish in sporty trout and salmon streams, and enjoy sailing, golfing, canoeing, sightseeing. Modern camps and hotels offer attractive low rates.

Write for free booklet, "Come to Newfoundland," to Newfoundland Information Bureau, Dept. F., 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., or Newfoundland Tourist Development Board, St. Johns, Newfoundland, or any travel agency.

"LISTED if TESTED"

For 29 years WHERE-TO-GO departments now featured in 8 magazines have been especially noteworthy. 92.2 per cent of our space has been taken by old friends over a 5-year period.

Hotel, Resort and Travel advertisers repeat in season, hence two slogans — "WHERE-TO-GO IS LISTED IF TESTED" and "SMALL COPY IS BIG IN WHERE-TO-GO." It will "pull."

MICHIGAN

SMART PEOPLE ARE GOING TO MICHIGAN THIS YEAR

Tell us what you want to do on YOUR VACATION. Free unbiased information about the two Peninsulas Playground.

MICHIGAN TOURIST ASSOCIATIONS
Box W Lansing, Michigan
State of Michigan co-operating

TRAVEL

INDIA

ON THE ROAD TO

Mandalay

Come to Burma, land of leisure and laughter. Study ancient rituals and pageants. Marvel at a panorama of pagodas, gilt spires zooming to the sky. Plan to come this Winter . . . via Europe, or the Orient. Costs in India are among the cheapest in the world. Travel First Class, or at half the cost by comfortable Second Class. Get further details from India State Railways, Delhi House, 38 East 57th Street, New York . . . or better travel agents.

INDIA STATE RAILWAYS

ORIENT
TOURS $5.75 PER DAY
2 MONTHS' TRIP $32
Round-the-World Tours $509-$645. One-Cla
"General" ships. Portland to Yokohama $172, Kob
$177, Shanghai $198, Hong Kong $215, Manila $2
SEE YOUR TICKET AGENT OR WRITE DEPT. 2
STATES STEAMSHIP LINES, Portland, Orego

Where-To-Go advertising covers best prospec

Remember—small copy is BIG in Where-To-G

MASSACHUSETTS

Nantucket Island **BEACH HOUSE** Siasconse Mas
Golf. Surf Bathing. Tennis, etc. All t
benefits on land of an Ocean Voyage.

POCONO MTNS., PA.

BUCK HILL FALLS, PA

Only 3 hours from N.Y & Phila. to The Inn. 30 fireproof rooms. Gol tennis, riding, concert swimming, movies, dan ing, etc. Cool, dry ai Alt. 1400 ft. Referenc exchanged. Write Bo 690, Buck Hill Falls, P

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE'S BEST
$2.50 Single $3.50 Double
The EMERSON HOTE
Baltimore Marylan
O. G. Clements, Manager

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED